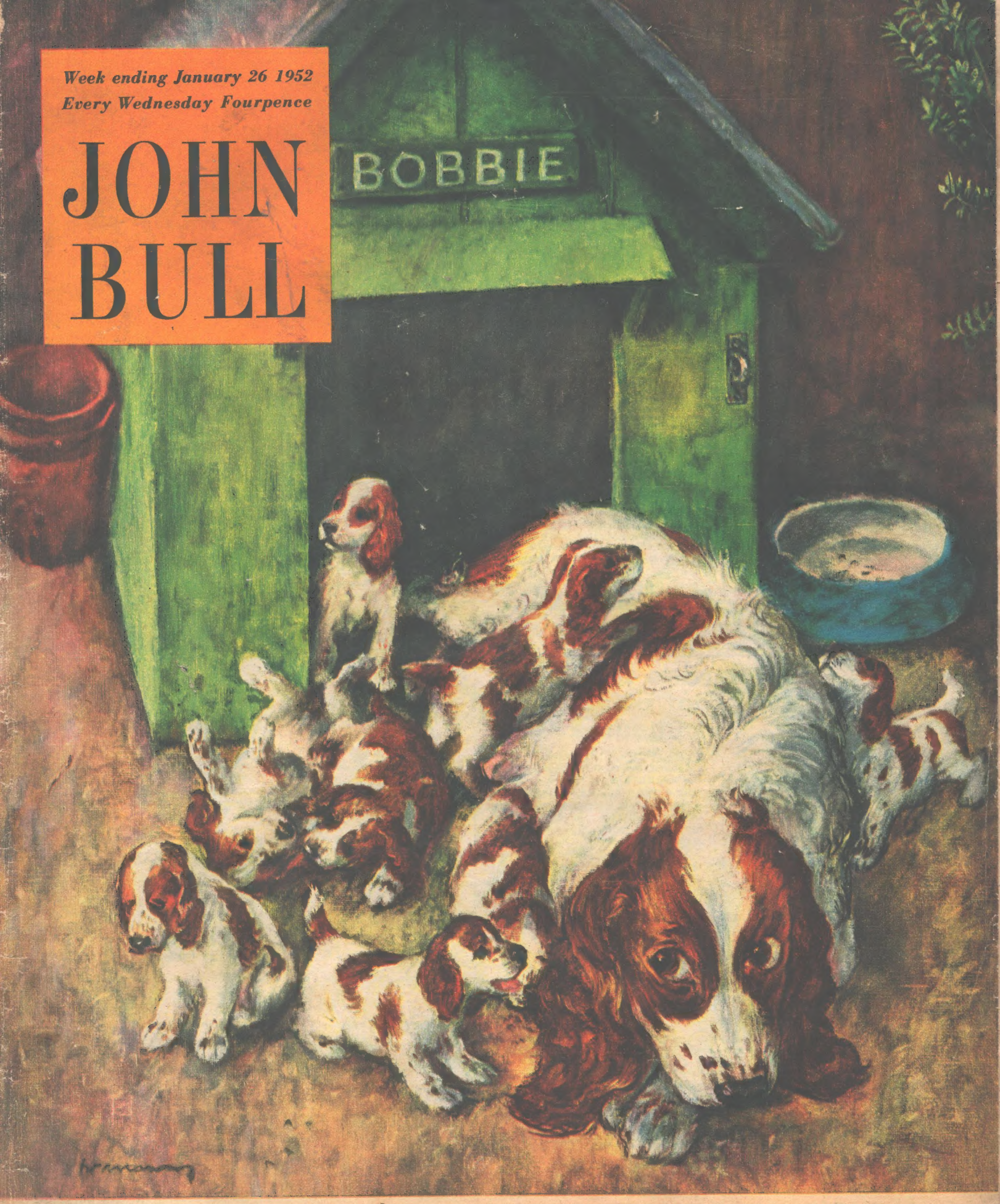
Week ending January 26 1952
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL



MARGERY ALLINGHAM'S new mystery novel "TIGER IN THE SMOKE"

How this simple 'Two-Way' Treatment

STOPS A COLD DEVELOPING

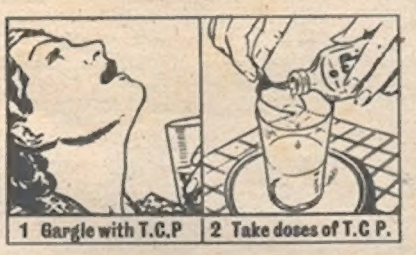
and helps to prevent it from running right through the family . . .

STOP your own Cold quickly—that's the best way to be sure that the family are not exposed to a heavy concentration of infecting germs.

You have a real chance of stopping a Cold, *if you act at the very first symptoms.* For the germs that cause most of the misery of Colds, take from 24 to 36 hours to incubate. It is during this 'incubation period' that you can tackle the Cold with real hope of success—if you adopt the T.C.P. 'Two-Way' Treatment promptly. Here it is :—

1. *First, you gargle frequently and rinse out the nostrils with diluted T.C.P.* T.C.P. is a most effective antiseptic, and this local treatment tackles the infection in the nose and throat. It also clears clogged nostrils, and soothes throat soreness.

2. *Second, and this is important, you take small doses of T.C.P., night and morning, in water.* These doses (which are completely safe and beneficial) help to counteract any germ toxins (poisons) which may escape into the system, before they can get a hold and cause feverishness and headache.



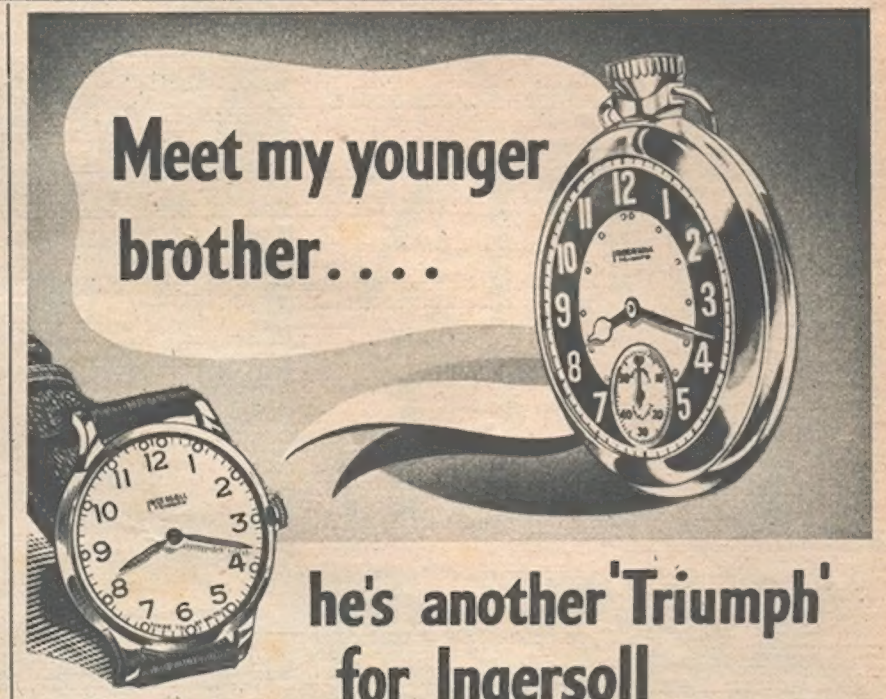
It is this *extra* internal action that makes this T.C.P. Treatment so effective in stopping most oncoming Colds outright.

Let T.C.P. help you to keep yourself and the family clear of heavy Colds this winter. There are full directions for the 'Two-Way' Treatment with every bottle.

SORE THROAT? Try T.C.P. THROAT PASTILLES—pleasant black-currant flavoured pastilles that contain T.C.P.

T.C.P. Regd.

From Chemists only, in 1/9d. and Family size (4 times the quantity) 3/9d. bottles.



he's another 'Triumph' for Ingersoll

INGERSOLL have already given you the finest pocket watch value in the world. Now comes an equally worthy member of the same great family—the Ingersoll Triumph man's five jewel wrist watch. All-British, accurate, sturdy and reliable. It carries the famous ALL-IN FREE SERVICE GUARANTEE — even against accidental breakage. Get one from your Ingersoll Jeweller.

TRIUMPH WRIST
70/- RADIOLITE SPOTS
RADIOLITE FIGS. 72/6

TRIUMPH POCKET
30/- PLAIN DIAL
RADIOLITE 32/6

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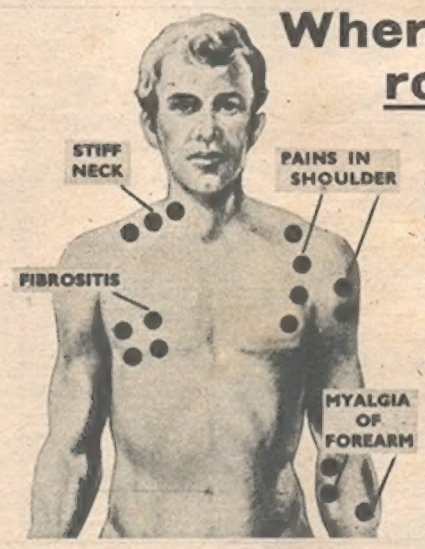
INGERSOLL
The **RIGHT TIME** *to Buy!*

If your Ingersoll Jeweller cannot supply, order direct post free from
INGERSOLL LIMITED, 97, INGERSOLL CORNER, RUISLIP, MIDDLESEX

Where is the root of your Rheumatism?



HERE IS NEWS for Rheumatic Sufferers! A new treatment for the relief of pain has been discovered!

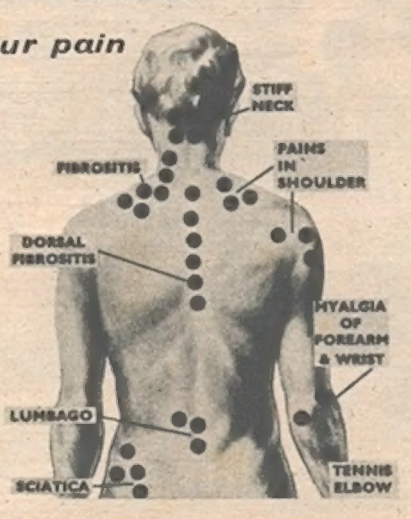
Its secret is to apply a new massage cream, not only where you feel the pain, but also on what Doctors call the myalgic, or "trigger," spots, which are often some distance away.

One Harley Street doctor, a little while ago, reported remarkable results with this cream in over 1,000 cases of all forms of Rheumatism, including Fibrositis, Lumbago, Sciatica, etc. It has been tested and used by Hospitals and Doctors all over the country.

How to get relief from your pain

This same cream is now available for your own use at home under the name of Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream. All you have to do to secure relief from your pain is to rub in this cream, not only where you feel the pain but also in the "trigger" spots, as explained and illustrated in the leaflet enclosed with every jar of the genuine Lloyd's. It is most important to follow these instructions. Otherwise you will fail to secure the full benefit.

The genuine Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream can be obtained from any good chemist, including all branches of Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, at 5/- & 7/- a jar. Get some today and prove for yourself how rapidly it brings relief.



IMPORTANT WARNING
Be sure to insist on Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream the cream used in the clinical tests upon which this treatment is based. Lloyd's is the brand described in "*The Lancet*" ('50 11 395) as the "most satisfactory . . ."

LLOYD'S ADRENALINE CREAM

SOLE MANUFACTURERS: HOWARD LLOYD & CO. LTD., LEICESTER
Makers of Fine Pharmaceuticals to the Medical Profession since 1880

Driving ambition

Miss Barbara Barton of Bray Road, Speke, Liverpool. Shorthand typist. Had always been interested in First Aid, but hadn't the time to make it a full-time job. Then she heard about the Ambulance Section of the Civil Defence Corps. Now she is doing basic training, learning facts that will always be useful, looking forward soon to driving an ambulance. Attends one lecture a week, leaving herself plenty of time for her own job and for dancing, swimming and cycling. Knows that she can be of help to Liverpool's citizens if the need arises.

SPARE TIME FOR TRAINING IN THE CIVIL DEFENCE CORPS

C D

You can't be certain—you can be ready

Ask for further details and enrolment forms at your local Council Offices.

ISSUED BY H.M. GOVERNMENT

Life with the bomb

WHEN MR. CHURCHILL reports to Parliament next week on his visit to Washington, the nation will expect from him a clearer and more explicit statement than it has yet had about the United States bomber bases in Britain.

Our two postwar Prime Ministers are both deeply implicated in this matter, which is as much above party differences as the basic issue of war or peace itself.

Mr. Attlee agreed to the setting up of these bases for the U.S. Air Force. Mr. Churchill has repeatedly expressed the view that only the existence of the American atom bomb has stood between us and Soviet aggression.

NOW, Mr. Churchill has returned from Washington with a reported understanding that the use of the bases in Britain in an emergency "would be a matter for joint decision." In other words, the Americans are not in a position to start anything from Norfolk or any other part of the United Kingdom, which is against the interests and wishes of this country.

Nothing less would be acceptable to the public. The use of the bomber bases for any kind of attack without our agreement would be as great a violation of our sovereignty as invasion. It would have to be resisted with all our strength, even against our Allies.

Fortunately, no such question arises. The young men of the U.S. Air Force are very welcome, and we have no reservations towards them. But the atomic bomb has raised new practical, military and moral issues which have nothing to do with them, and which have to be faced.

THE practical situation alone gives good reason for caution. For the Americans have now not merely "the bomb" but a growing stockpile of bombs, reputed to be immensely more powerful than those which devastated and defeated Japan.

The Russians, we are told, have caused significant explosions in their own country and must be assumed to be capable of waging atomic warfare in some form. Whereas Britain, with smaller resources than either and until recently without full American co-operation, is only "making considerable progress" towards atomic weapons of her own.

We might be compared to a man armed with only an old-fashioned pistol and occupying a small outpost between two rival fortresses bristling with destructive weapons.

IT so happens that one of the fortresses is occupied by our friends and allies. But we are uncomfortably conscious of the fact that these very friends could easily draw the fire of the enemies across the way, and that the fire would probably descend first upon us.

We are in the advanced atomic firing line; they are not.

We do not shirk our responsibilities. We never have. But our position gives us the moral right to a full share in any fateful decision that the future may bring.

BELIEVING in the rightness of the Allied cause, co-operating with other European nations in the preservation of freedom, we have overcome our traditional unwillingness to allow foreign armed forces on our soil while there is still a semblance of peace in Europe.

We have accepted the U.S. air bases as a necessary and reasonable measure of defence against an obvious threat. We realize that the existence of American bombers in this country, gradually acquiring more and more experience of European flying conditions, ready to reply to any attack from any quarter, is a wise and statesmanlike provision designed to prevent world war, rather than cause it.

WE will not, however, hand over even to our dearest friends and allies the right to launch any attack from our own shores which might be the means of plunging the world into atomic war, with all the terrible consequences that would follow.

The British people are entitled to an assurance from their Government that they will not ever be committed to that.

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"It's impossible"

says JOE HOLMES of Victoria Station,

"to find a tin that's easier to open than Cherry Blossom. Shoe cleaning's an easy job now—and no dirty hands—for with a twist of the lever the tin is open and ready for use. . . . The pure wax polish is also easy to use. It spreads evenly and quickly, gives a brilliant lasting shine. By the way, I've used Cherry Blossom since 1904. My tip for Dark Brown shoes is Tonette Boot Polish."

Black, Tonette, Light Brown, Ox-blood and White, 4½d. & 8d.

It really does open with a twist

"...thank you for the wonderful effects of Lantigen 'B'..."

Thank you for the wonderful effects of Lantigen 'B'. My wife was ill at Christmas with acute bronchitis. After trying other medicines a friend recommended Lantigen 'B' and I am pleased to say she has completely recovered.

A.J.W., London, S.E.5.

(One of thousands of unsolicited testimonials which can be inspected).

LANTIGEN 'B' is a dissolved Oral Vaccine specially prepared by skilled bacteriologists under medical direction. Taken like ordinary medicine, it stimulates vital tissue cells to produce antidotes to combat and neutralise germ poisons. Although LANTIGEN 'B' costs one guinea per bottle, plus 4/8d. Purchase Tax, the treatment works out at only a few pence per day. Free leaflet from chemists or address below.

Lantigen 'B'

DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE TREATMENT FOR

CATARRH and BRONCHITIS

OVER 2,000,000 BOTTLES SOLD THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Taken like ordinary medicine

Lantigen (England) Limited, Bagshot, Surrey.

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YOURS FOR 35/- WITH ORDER
(Fully Patented)
BALANCE IN 10 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF 25/-

Cash Price £12:17:6
GUARANTEE Money back if not satisfied within 7 days

Only the famous *Berkeley* Superlax (SC8) combines the shoulder-fitting "roll-form" back with the automatic action that lets you change from upright to lounging position without leaving or adjusting the chair. Only *Berkeley* can offer such deep, super-soft upholstery, such magnificent coverings at such an astoundingly low price. Only the *Berkeley* Superlax can make *your* dream of comfort come true. **Choose the Covering to suit your room from the Patterns sent FREE with Catalogue. Send Coupon NOW.**

1952 The Berkeley
REGD.
SUPERLAX WITH EXCLUSIVE ADJUSTABLE BACK AND SEAT
Cash Price for complete 3-piece Suite £44 : 12 : 6
Sole Manufacturers Overseas enquiries invited.
H. J. SEARLE & SON, LTD.
(DEPT. J.B.) 70-78, OLD KENT RD., LONDON, S.E.1

COUPON Please send me your Catalogue of Berkeley Upholstery together with range of Coverings.
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ADDRESS.....
JB26/1

FEEL YOUNGER! FEEL FITTER!

with YESTAMIN the wonder food

Almost daily, science finds new grounds for the idea that we are as young as we feel. Indeed, leading dieticians believe that certain natural wonder foods hold the key to healthier, longer, *most youthful* life! Foremost among these is dried brewers' yeast which YESTAMIN presents in its most convenient, economical form. Three tablets with each meal supply the essential B group vitamins needed for *extra* energy, health and vigour. Make YESTAMIN your '*lifelong*' habit!

YESTAMIN DAILY YEAST JB
Obtainable only from Chemists
100 TABLETS 1/10½ . 300 TABLETS 4/9

JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
January 26, 1952 VOL. 91 No. 2378 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

The actress who cannot afford to act

ACTING IS A NOTORIOUSLY insecure profession, and none of us who are in it would grumble at that. But my experience is that it is becoming an impossible one. I have not been a failure. During last year I worked on the stage, in films and on the radio. I have seen my name in bold letters outside several theatres. But at the end of it, totting up my expenses and taking into account the periods when I was "resting," I found that my earnings averaged no more than £5 11s. a week.

I love my job and have spent many years training and gaining experience for it. But I am giving it up. Reluctantly, I have to face the fact that I cannot afford it any longer.—ACTRESS, London.

No Girls Need Apply

WOMEN CAN BE doctors, nurses, lawyers—but not wireless engineers. Girls who answered an advertisement for apprentices as wireless engineers were greeted with astonishment at their interviews and told that only boys could be considered. Many girls are as mechanically minded as boys, so why should they be excluded?—JANE WILLIAMS, 3 Granville Street, Abertillery, Mon.

Farm Time-saver

CONSIDERING THAT FARMERS use so much time carting fodder to stock lying out in fields in winter, it seems odd that they do not copy the methods used in Galway, in Eire. At haymaking time, Galway

farmers build their hay into big stacks in the centre of their fields, and sheep or cattle feed themselves from this convenient store during winter. The haystack is built round a long pole stuck in the ground, as shown in the enclosed photograph, which prevents the hay falling in a heap or collapsing, however much eaten into. When the cattle have eaten their way into the base of the stack they have a shelter from the weather.—J. K. D., Co. Antrim, Eire.

Sacrifice Worth While

MANY PARENTS ARE ASKING themselves whether it is worth while to make the sacrifices necessary to keep their children at school until they are sixteen. My wife and I put our boy's future before everything. Having gained his higher certificate, he passed on to London University, where he gained his B.Sc. last summer. We do not doubt that it has been worth while.—HARRY W. HOPKINS, 158 Hollowell Road, Northwood, Middlesex.

. . . In a few weeks, thousands of eleven-year-old pupils in primary schools will compete for a few scholarships in grammar schools. Parents urge them on, not realizing that unless a child is above the average he will be happier in a secondary modern school. No child should be made to feel that he is a failure if he misses the grammar school.—HEADMISTRESS, Sussex.

Exceptional Violence

SHORT STORIES SUCH AS *The Trouble With Conway* (JOHN BULL, December 29) and many successful films must give the impression that life in Britain is dangerous. I know England. I walked through Soho's dark streets and through Limehouse and found no lurking dangers. The few acts of violence monopolize interest. In many other countries they would receive no prominence.—H. THOMAS, Hamburg Wandsbek, Germany.

£15 To Become A Nurse

NO WONDER THE NATION is short of nurses. A friend recently volunteered and, after being accepted, was presented with a list of things she must have, which was enough to discourage even the most stout hearted: a wristwatch (with second hand), surgical scissors, two pairs of black shoes, four pairs of stockings, gym clothes, slippers, textbooks, notebooks and many other articles. The total cost would be at least £15. It seems like telling a soldier to buy his own rifle before he can join up.—R. J. FLAWN, Sunnyside, Flitton, Beds.

Moral For Grumblers

BRITONS ARE BORN GRUMBLERS but not very good at taking action. In a small town in Buckinghamshire there is a passage which leads from one street to another. In wet weather it is full of puddles and ankle deep in mud. I have often heard people grumbling about it, but nothing has ever been done. One day I wrote to the council complaining about the nuisance, and the next day the passage was repaired and all the holes filled. The moral is plain: if you want something done, make an effort.—FRED FRENCH, Bow Brickhill, Bucks.

Launching The Commandos

I WAS ONE OF THE CREW of the submarine *Tuna*, which carried the Commandos who took part in Operation Frankton in 1942, and I was thrilled to read Marine W. E. Sparks's story (JOHN BULL, December 8-15) describing how, after they left our submarine, they paddled in their canoes seventy-five miles up the Gironde River to attack enemy blockade-runners in Bordeaux Harbour. I remember that on the trip across to France we had to pass through two minefields, one laid by the Germans and the other by the R.A.F. and, on nearing the French coast, we had to go in twice, the first time to plot our exact position and then, the next night, to launch the canoes. I was in the control room during the launching and recall hearing the tense voice coming down from the bridge: "One . . . two . . . three . . . four gone." Then came the disappointment: the fifth canoe was damaged in launching and the crew came disconsolately back into the submarine, after scuttling the canoe. We in *Tuna* found ourselves in many tight spots during the war. We sank four U-boats, and the last one we sank had an escort of six destroyers, which nearly did for us. But I take off my hat to those Commandos.—H. S. ROBERTS, D.S.M., 25 Tennyson Avenue, Grantham, Lincs.

"Ghosts" In The Post

LETTERS WHICH are delivered many years after they are posted are not so mysterious as the writer on "Ghost Letters" ("Free Speech," January 5) seems to think. When I was working in a large post office, I found a postcard hidden between two tables which were being moved to new positions. Of course, it was sent on its way—only twenty-five years behind time.—CHARLES NEWTON, 13 Moor Lane, Addingham, near Ilkley.

. . . Working as a temporary postman, I was given a bag which had been taken out of store. It contained a letter postmarked two years previously.—R. ENTWISTLE, Micasa, Freckenham, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.

Watch The Puppy's Age

YOUR CORRESPONDENT WHO found she had purchased a puppy which was really too young to be taken away from its mother ("Free Speech," December 22) was not the first to have this unhappy experience. We do appeal to dog-lovers not to buy a puppy until it is at least three months old and to take all possible care with its feeding, particularly during the first eighteen months. We will send a small instructive leaflet to anyone who is interested.—S. W. CLAYDEN, Secretary, The Tail-Waggers' Club, 356 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

Flew Through The Air

FROM FAR-OFF CHILDHOOD, memories of *Peter Pan* were brought back by Marjorie Earl's article, "Happy Captive Of Fairyland" (JOHN BULL, January 5). It was about 1916 when I first saw "Peter" and, in spite of a thoughtfully placed mattress, a stiff neck resulted from my attempt at aerial flight.—MRS. E. SWAILES, 65 Fearnsides Street, Thornton Road, Bradford, Yorks.

Letters intended for publication should be marked "Free Speech" and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

W. E. NARRAWAY says that his delightful animal study is pure whimsy. In fact, that prolific mother, Bobbie, is modelled on a male spaniel. His own dog, a friendly black mongrel bitch which should have been a retriever, has produced a surprising variety of puppies. Her sport is hunting rabbits around Narraway's home in the lovely village of Holmsbury St. Mary, Surrey. But, says the artist, she hasn't caught one yet.

[Every Trade Advertisement Guaranteed]

A Cupful of Sleep

OVALTINE

The World's Best Nightcap

THERE are very good reasons why 'Ovaltine' is the World's most popular aid to sleep. Experience has amply demonstrated its outstanding qualities. A cup of this delicious beverage, taken at bedtime, helps to soothe the nerves, assists you to relax and composes the system for natural, refreshing sleep.

While you sleep 'Ovaltine' provides food elements—including vitamins—of exceptional nutritive value, in easily digestible form, to reinforce your nervous vitality, your strength and energy.

Remember . . . 'Ovaltine' differs from other food beverages in its nutritive properties and scientific composition. That is why 'Ovaltine' results are obtained only with 'Ovaltine'.

It Pays to Buy the Best

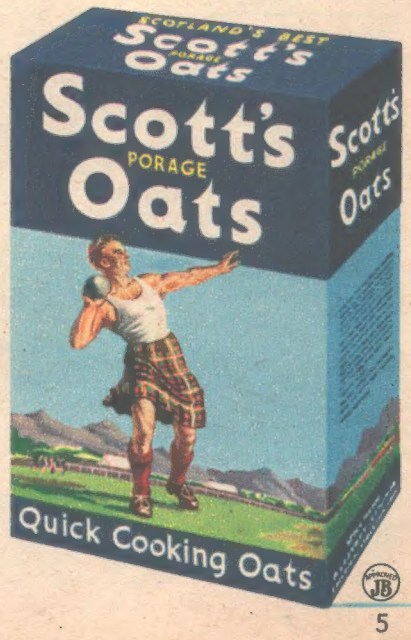
Quality has made 'Ovaltine' the World's Best Nightcap and the World's most popular Food Beverage for Health

Prices in Gt. Britain & N. Ireland, 1/6, 2/6 & 4/6 per tin

P.770A

"More please"

How well he knows that Scott's is the creamiest porridge. ***And how right you are*** to give him Scott's for breakfast. So nourishing; so economical too—you can easily afford to give him that second helping.



305 OUT OF 326 WOMEN. The great Whiteness Test on washing powders was carried out in London by an impartial authority, the Good Housekeeping Institute. 305 out of 326 women voted the Persil-washed towel the whitest of all!

Persil Wins Great Wash-day Whiteness Test!

6 FAMOUS WASHING POWDERS ON TRIAL— 326 HOUSEWIVES ACT AS JUDGES

TO the May Fair Hotel, London, recently, came more than three hundred housewives — all judges in a great wash-day whiteness test.

The well-known Good Housekeeping Institute in London carried out the test. They took 6 new white tea-towels, and soiled them all equally. Then the towels were washed. Six famous washing powders—both well-tried and new—were used, a different one for each towel. The manufacturer's instructions on the packet were carefully followed in each case.

Later, the towels were laid out for inspection.

How the Voting Went

One at a time, the housewives filed past, and each was asked to pick out the whitest towel. None of the women knew which washing powders had been used. The result? 305 out of the 326 voted for the towel that had been washed in Persil!

Yes, Persil washes whiter—you can *see* it does!

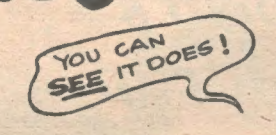
And the secret? Persil's millions of tiny oxygen bubbles! They shift the dirt out as nothing else can. Persil-washed things are white because they're clean.

So Persil beats the lot—the well-tried ones *and* the newcomers, too!

Coloureds and Woollens, too!

And don't forget—gentle Persil suds make your coloureds and fine things *brighter, fresher* . . . your woollens *softer*.

Yes, Persil is kind to ALL the wash —and to your hands! You can *feel* it is!



PERSIL washes whiter!

PER 1246-276

Beware Of NERVOUS INDIGESTION

Indigestion often comes from a nervous system starved of Vitamin B. There is only one way to remedy it. Increase the Vitamin B content of your food.

The simplest way is to take two tablets of Phillips Tonic Yeast with your meals. It is simply pure yeast with all its cells intact and without any drugs or harmful ingredients. Yeast is the richest natural source of all the B vitamins. You will be amazed at the result. You will sleep better, digest your food better, tire less quickly, feel better in every way. But be sure you ask for 'Phillips' Tonic Yeast.

At all Chemists, 1/6, 3/6 and 5/9

Bandage that PAIN A-W-A-Y

Polyestol Methyl Salicylate Bandage bound round the affected part of the body gives instant and prolonged relief from RHEUMATIC ailments. Its analgesic properties relieves the pain immediately and the gentle pressure of the Bandage massages the valuable medicinal vapours into the system.

Over 50 hours effective treatment in each Polyestol Bandage—afterwards it can be used as a support bandage indefinitely, making it the cheapest elastic bandage on the market.

Polyestol Bandages stay "put" and will not slip.

Obtainable from all chemists and stores everywhere, price 5/6d.

POLYESTOL
PAIN-RELIEVING **BANDAGES**
4-5 Warwick Court, London, W.C.1

JOHN BULL Guarantee

Every article advertised in JOHN BULL carries with it a money-back guarantee, medicines and treatments excepted.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs and other articles which have been approved by our experts are marked with this sign →

In the case of medicines and drugs, to which our money-back offer cannot apply, we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in JOHN BULL. Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisements in JOHN BULL, and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LTD., PUBLISHERS

Capture the charm of *Silken Sheen!*

HAIR that has *silken sheen* stands out in a crowd—lovely and lustrous. So capture the charm of radiant *silken sheen* by washing your hair regularly with 'Vaseline' Brand Soapless Shampoo. It cleans through-and-through, then rinses out completely . . . leaving your hair so easy to set . . . and it's good for your hair, because it is a 'Vaseline' Brand Product. Buy a packet today!

Vaseline*
SOAPLESS SHAMPOO

* "Vaseline" is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Ltd.

2769-4

FALSE TEETH

but who could tell?

You can laugh, talk and enjoy your meals free from embarrassment if you sprinkle your plate in the morning with Dr. Wernet's Powder. It forms a soft cushion which holds your plate firm and secure, and gives "all day" confidence.

Dr. Wernet's Powder

Get a tin of Dr. Wernet's Powder from your chemist today. 60,000 dentists recommend it the world over.

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM KEMP

The skipper goes aboard at Falmouth. Captain Parker learned seamanship in fishing boats, was master of a millionaire's yacht before going into tugs

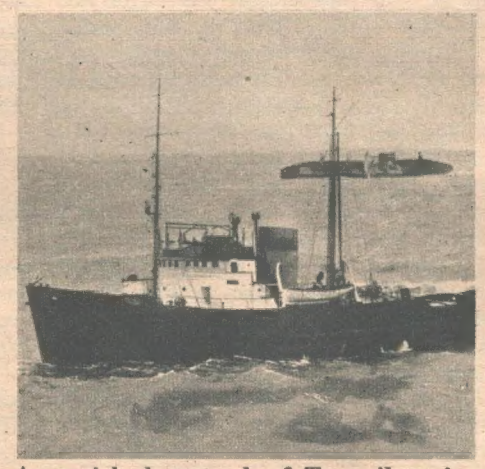
Captain Dan, ocean rescuer

by CHRISTOPHER MILLER

To Dan Parker, of the tug *Turmoil*, the thrilling bid to rescue Captain Carlsen's *Flying Enterprise* was just one of many dangerous missions

THE FIVE SHORT BLASTS from a siren echoed across the choppy waters of Falmouth Harbour, glittering under the lights of the town. In a side street a young man swore involuntary, kissed his girl and ran off, shouting a promise to call her as soon as he got back. Three men in a public house hastily drained their glasses and hurried into the street. At a cinema a notice flashed on the screen and two shadows slipped up the aisle. For a few moments the town's quiet, narrow main street rang with running footsteps. The men converged on Custom House Quay. A launch nudged into the quay steps and, chaffing each other, they clomped aboard. A voice asked: "What's up, chief?"

The man at the tiller said: "A Liberty ship. Lost her screw in the Atlantic, or something." A few minutes later, with her crew of twenty-seven complete, the British ocean rescue tug, *Turmoil*, was making full speed out of Falmouth Harbour.



An aerial photograph of *Turmoil* towing *Flying Enterprise*. The tow-line, dipping far beneath the water, cannot be seen

It was a filthy night. For several hours severe south-westerly gales had been piling up gigantic seas across the north Atlantic. All along the coast ships had been scuttling into bays and harbours. Imperturbably, the tug cut westwards. This was just what she had been built for.

The ship in trouble, the 7,181-ton *Robert H. Harrison*, which was operated by the U.S. Maritime Commission, was going in ballast from Antwerp to Savannah. She had first sent out a call on 500 kilocycles, the distress wave, at three forty-six that Friday afternoon. She said she had lost her propeller. At that time she was in latitude 51.00 N., longitude 16.00 W., about 420 miles from Land's End—only a few score miles from the position where Captain Carlsen of *Flying*

Aboard *Turmoil*, members of the crew prepare steel hawsers and manilla towlines for instant use. The tug is always ready for a quick getaway

Ashore, in the Chain Locker bar, three *Turmoil* men yarn. "Doc" Ellis (left) is chief steward. Beside him are "Paddy" Mahon, radio officer, and a local doctor. "Spike" Hyde, second radio officer, leans on the bar

Enterprise sent out his first distress signal after his ship had begun to list.

Three ships answered: an American rescue tug which was crossing the Atlantic; a British rescue tug which was also at sea; and another Maritime Commission Liberty ship which was quite near. The *Harrison* looked safe enough. At Falmouth, *Turmoil's* master, Captain Frederick "Dan" Parker, decided to stay put.

A few hours later, however, the British tug radioed that she was returning to port with engine trouble. The weather was getting worse and the American tug was still several hundred miles away. The *Harrison* herself, meanwhile, was being blown to the north-east at four knots.

It was shortly before eight when Captain Parker, whose radio operators had been keeping him fully informed, changed his mind. He had a hunch he might be needed. At eight o'clock precisely *Turmoil* left Falmouth. Captain Parker could not have known just how right his hunch was going to be. . . .

Britain Seized Chance

Turmoil and her master represent a new field in British shipping. Before 1939, Holland almost monopolized ocean rescue. As a result, Britain lost a lot in cash and much more in prestige. The war changed all that. A fleet of tugs was built. By VJ-Day British rescue tugs had saved three and a half million tons of shipping.

Then Britain seized the excellent chance to break into ocean rescue. The Admiralty sold some of their tugs and let others out on charter. The 1,136-ton, 4,000 horse-power *Turmoil*, built in 1945, went to Overseas Towage and Salvage, London. She can stay at sea without refuelling for sixty days, and go to any ship within 2,000 miles of her base port. In moderate weather she can do sixteen knots. . . . But, now, driving across the increasing south-westerly gale towards *Robert H. Harrison*, her speed was clipped.

Out in the Atlantic, the weather was beating the U.S. tug. Heavily damaged, she was ordered to make Falmouth for repairs. In London, *Turmoil's* owners contracted with the *Harrison's* agents to try to save the ship, and the arrangement was radioed to Parker. Normally, there is no time for contracts. Normally—as "Paddy" Mahon, *Turmoil's* chief radio officer, says—you are careful how you use your radio, lest competing tugs hear too much.

"Mahon and his assistant radio officers are key men in this ship's work," says Captain Parker. "Without them we'd never hear of any disabled ships, we'd never get to them, we'd never beat other tugs and we'd take a hell of a lot longer in connecting up and towing in."

Throughout *Turmoil's* long winter tour of duty in Western Approaches the radio office is the only part of the tug which is constantly in operation, whether she is at sea or in port. Always, an operator is listening on 500 kilocycles.

"Your first object," says Mahon, "is to try to pick up the distress call before anyone else. If you miss the *original* call you have to wait five or six minutes for Land's End Radio to repeat it. And minutes count.

Tricks To Beat Rivals

"As soon as you're on your way, you try to contact the casualty. You ask him to accept your services officially on what is known as Lloyd's Open Form. This simply states 'No cure, no pay'—if you don't save him you get no salvage money. Sometimes, of course, a captain will just ignore this. He knows that you're bound by international law to stick around until he's all right, and so he'll try to get his trouble repaired.

"In that case you use all sorts of dodges to beat competing tugs. You send your Morse messages at high speeds, hoping the other fellows will miss them. You may keep as silent as possible so that they won't know your position, or you may keep talking all sorts of drivel so that the others can't get a word in. The competition's tough, but we've got good manners and a sense of proportion."

Turmoil reached the *Harrison* at five twenty on the Sunday morning. By then the disabled Liberty ship had drifted well over 100 miles north-east. Fierce, blinding rain squalls were now capping the howling gale and mountainous seas. Parker decided to stand by until daylight.

Shortly after dawn the captain brought the tug close in to the *Harrison's* starboard bow to make the first link with a line from a rocket pistol. The first shot landed across the *Harrison's* foredeck. At a signal from the tug the American crew immediately hauled the line in. Attached to it was a stronger, five-inch rope. With this they then began heaving the tow-wire itself aboard. By ten o'clock the wire was shackled to the anchor cable and the tow began. Slowly, *Turmoil* took the strain.

The tug's towing apparatus is a specially built winch, with an automatic gear by which the wire is paid out and recovered in relation to the constantly varying strain. The wire between two vessels is never taut; there is always an appreciable bight hanging down in the water and it is, in fact, largely the weight of the bight and the water on it that pulls a tow along. No tug could pull a vessel by brute strength alone. The wire would snap long before it became taut.

Not long ago Captain Parker was bringing a disabled ship, *Clan McIver*, from the Bay of Biscay in a strong south-westerly gale. As he turned *Turmoil* into the English Channel the tow sheered off the port quarter and tended to pull the tug towards the English coast. "If a tow starts going too fast she can actually overrun a tug and *drag* her along. And," says Captain Parker, "I could see that that might happen in this case." So he began easing *Turmoil* round to the south and away from the coast. Several hours later he had her hove to with her head *into* the gale, and then he let the ships creep *backwards* up the Channel.

When an unexpected gale blows while a tug and tow have limited sea-room the problem can be unsolvable. In September, 1950, *Turmoil* was towing *Coloniel*. One morning when they were between the coasts of Northern Ireland and Ayrshire the wind freshened. *Coloniel* soon began to sheer about, and at nine o'clock that evening her anchor cable snapped. By that time a strong gale was blowing; the ship began to drift rapidly towards the Kintyre peninsula. Throughout that night the tugmen, after retrieving their wire, tried unsuccessfully to reconnect four times, and *Coloniel* went aground. Says Captain Parker: "It was the first bad weather in the whole ten-day trip—just where we had the least room to play with."

Butter To Ease Chafing

Next to the weather, Captain Parker's worst enemy is chafe. The danger points are where the wire grinds against the tug's taffrail and the tow's bows. While *Turmoil* was towing *Flying Enterprise*, Captain Carlsen used a pound of butter to ease the chafing—but when the two vessels were almost within sight of land the towline parted. Normally, to prevent the line from chafing through, tugmasters give the order to "freshen the nip" every twenty-four hours. The tug slackens speed and pays out another five or six feet of wire and at the same time the tow pays out a few links of her anchor cable. But in the case of the *Robert H. Harrison*, twenty-four hours was too late.

During the Sunday evening the weather moderated a little, but shortly before six the next morning another violent gale blew up from south-west. It immediately checked *Turmoil's*

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DIVORCE
in Britain today

The marriage that lasted eight days

. . . This actual case of a young couple whose marriage failed tragically is here told by Don Everitt, reporting on the causes of divorce

NOT LONG AGO A COUPLE achieved considerable notoriety in their home town by separating within eight days of their wedding. Both were aged twenty-three and both came from poor families. After courting for nine months, their marriage began under the worst conditions. With no money saved, they had to borrow and to pawn the girl's engagement ring and the man's best suit to buy things for the wedding celebrations. The husband-to-be was only able to redeem his suit with wages he received on the day before the wedding.

The wedding was a showy affair. There were four bridesmaids at the church, and food, drink and sixty guests at the church hall reception. There was no honeymoon and the couple went that night to live with the bride's mother.

Husband's Homecoming

It was on the third day of the marriage that trouble arose. Having borrowed a pound from his mother-in-law to see him through the rest of the week, the husband left for work, saying he would like some herrings for his tea. When he came home, however, he briefly told his mother-in-law he had been cracked on the head during the day, and went straight to bed.

A moment later his wife came out of the kitchen with the herrings. Her mother's explanation infuriated her and she rushed upstairs. According to her story, her husband was already in bed and he appeared not to recognize her. He did not answer her protests; nor did he react when she shook him. He said later that he knew nothing of this. All he remembered was waking at midnight and assuming that his wife was sleeping with her mother since she was not beside him.

Next morning the couple were cool towards each other, and during an argument in the evening the wife said that the marriage was a mistake. The following evening the husband brought home a box of chocolates—possibly to pave the way for an explanation of his wage packet being diminished by repayment of a wedding loan. The wife refused the chocolates.

Later that night the husband went with his father-in-law—who was separated from his wife but came to see her every evening—for a drink. He made himself thoroughly miserable brooding over the situation and his precarious finances, and when they got back home he started crying in front of his wife. Still she snubbed him and for the third night in succession slept with her mother.

When, next day, the husband returned home after dining at his mother's house, his father-in-law met him at the door and said: "You'd better be off. You're not wanted here, so you'd better not show your face again."

The husband sought advice. A social worker called on the wife and found that she definitely refused to live with her husband any longer. She explained she had only just found out that he did not earn enough money to give her the luxuries to which she was accustomed. When the social worker pointed out that his financial responsibilities had increased with marriage, the wife said evasively that her parents refused to have him in the house, anyway.

"Tell me," said the social worker, "just why did you get married?"

"Oh, well, I'm twenty-three. I thought I ought to be."

"Is that the only reason?"

"Oh, yes. I realize I was wrong, of course."

Wrong At The Roots

This is a case which, in the psychiatric view of marriage breakdown, is a good example of all breakdowns because the outside factors commonly blamed—such as accommodation and in-laws—were so slightly and briefly involved that they did not cover up the real faults. This marriage failed because the fundamental reasons for it were wrong, and the couple concerned were emotionally immature.

Psychologists and psychiatrists ascribe all divorces and separations to these two factors alone. This is an imposing conclusion seen against the fact that, within the short space of the last six to seven years, some 350,000 marriages have been legally ended in Britain. One marriage has been breaking for every ten weddings contracted. The divorce rate today is ten times what it was fifteen years ago.

Further examination of the eight-day marriage illustrates how psychological factors are linked with the increase in the divorce rate.

Inquiries disclosed that the husband in the case married out of what is known as a romantic conception, while the wife married solely for material reasons. There was also sexual incompatibility through the husband's "honeymoon impotence," and the couple's attitude and reactions (including the husband's amnesia, which turned out to be faked) showed that they were emotionally immature.

When Romance Withers

Of all the bad reasons for marriage, the romantic conception is regarded as the most dangerous and most widespread. One marriage expert, Vincent Long, secretary of the Alliance, a society for education in sex, marriage and family education, says:

"Many courtships these days are based on a series of thrills, lyrical expression of affection and a lot of high idealizing. The young lovers spend much time imagining their connubial bliss. All this goes on in the Sunday best, both in clothes and behaviour. Very often, the young man indulges in lavish expenditure which he does not intend or may not be able to continue when he gets married. Very often, too, he unconsciously accepts that he must take his girl dancing, to the cinema, to cafés and so on, and she is led to believe that their life together will always be like that.

"All this is a poor preparation for the duties of marriage when it comes. Naturally, the disillusionment that follows is often fatal."

The belief that opposites in personality and interests make good partners is, like the romantic conception, a poor reason for marriage. "The idea," says Vincent Long, "that you find in your partner what is lacking in yourself is a fallacy." Case work proves that what couples need much more than variety are mutual interests.

A case in point was that of the couple who both had strict religious upbringings. Neither was allowed to associate with the opposite sex until the age of eighteen, and when they met they more or less fell into each

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DON EVERITT, who in this article deals with the psychiatric attitude to marriage failures, was commissioned by JOHN BULL *to sift the evidence on divorce in Britain today. He has spent many months studying the work of experts in all branches of marriage guidance and has examined large numbers of individual cases which he has used in his three-part report. His first article, on "external" influences—such as money problems and intrusive parents-in-law—was published last week.*

TIGER IN THE SMOKE

by ***MARGERY ALLINGHAM***

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

What was Geoffrey Levett up to? He was the last man to be seen with Duds before the murder, and he was still missing. . . . Campion didn't know what to make of it

MEG ELGINBRODDE was twenty-three, beautiful, and about to be married to Geoffrey Levett, a successful young business man. All the readers of the society journals knew that; what they didn't know was that for the past few weeks someone had been making her life a misery by sending her photographs, apparently of the husband she had thought killed in the war. Meg called in her cousin, gentle Albert Campion, the criminologist.

The photographs were indistinct—they had been taken recently in the street—but the flourishing moustache which had been so typical of gay young Elginbrodde was visible enough. On the back of the last photograph was an invitation to meet the sender.

The place of the appointment was a railway station; the time was one afternoon when fog, thick and choking, blanketed the whole of London. Geoffrey Levett took Meg to the station and left her. Campion was already there, waiting, with his friend, big, burly Chief Inspector Charlie Luke of the C.I.D.

They didn't have long to wait. Catching sight of the man in the photographs, Meg cried out. The man fled into the crowd, with Luke and Campion hot in pursuit. The stranger was caught, and seeing him at close quarters, Meg realized her mistake. The moustache—which came off at a tug—was the only resemblance to Martin Elginbrodde.

Luke recognized the man as "Duds" Morrison, a small-time crook only recently out of jail. Duds denied sending the photographs or impersonating Elginbrodde; but Luke took him along to the police station. There, after an unsatisfactory interrogation, he released him for lack of evidence.

Within the hour, the inspector regretted it. He was at the rectory in St. Petersgate Square where Meg lived with her father, kindly, unworldly old Canon Avril. Badly shaken by the events of the afternoon, the girl was now worried because Levett had not telephoned her, as they had arranged.

The telephone call that came at seven o'clock was not for her. It was for the inspector, from divisional police headquarters. Duds Morrison had been found murdered in an alleyway within a mile of the rectory.

Without losing any time, Luke, Campion and old Canon Avril set out into the fog to find the body.

PART 2

The Man In The Corner

IT is not easy to tell when enmity first begins, when that force which is part fear, part rivalry, and part the frank urge for survival first springs, but it was on that freezing walk that Chief Inspector Charlie Luke caught the first wind of the man who, of all his many quarries, was to become the chief enemy of his life.

He was chiefly angry with himself. He was the best of policemen, which is to say that he never for one moment assumed that he was judge or jury, warder or hangman. He saw himself as a shepherd dog; until he had rounded him up, the malefactor was his private responsibility, to be protected as well as cornered. His job was first to locate him and then to bring him in alive, so the fact that he had ignored the terror which he had seen so plainly in the pale face above the grotesque moustache, and had sent Duds Morrison out alone to die, made him furious. It had been a professional slip of the worst kind, and he hated himself for making it.

Yet behind his self-criticism there was something more. Just then he had a presentiment, a warning from some experience-born sixth sense, that he was about to encounter something rare and dangerous. The whiff of tiger crept to him through the fog.

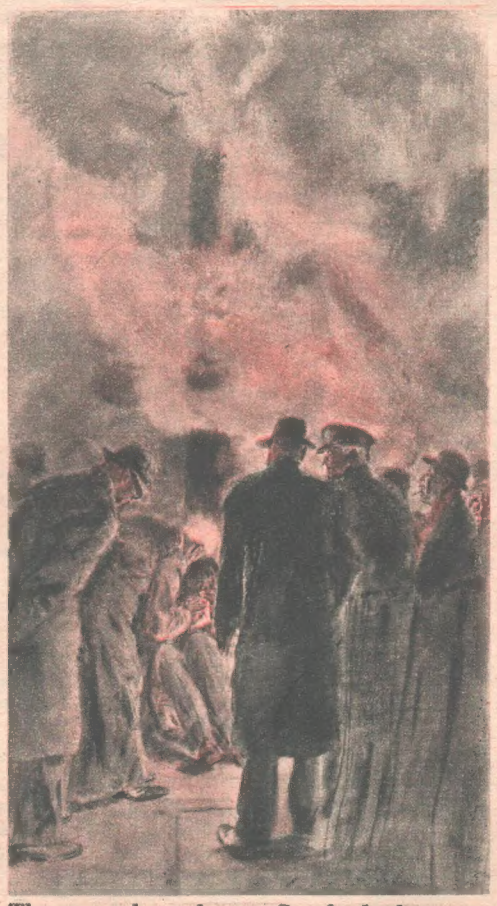
The walk itself was an experience. Without old Avril, who knew his parish blindfold, they might never have achieved it. The fog was now at its worst. It hung between street lamp and street lamp in blinding and abominable folds, and since in that area the architecture is all much alike, and the streets are arranged in a series of graceful curves in which it is easy to walk in a circle in sunlight, the mile from the rectory to Crumb Street might well have been a maze. However, the canon plunged into it with complete confidence, walking very fast.

He took his nephew, Albert Campion, and Charlie Luke to Crumb Street by a series of short cuts, while they followed him with their fingers crossed. They came upon their goal unexpectedly. A last spurt through a pitch dark mews brought them into the heart of its murky length, not a stone's throw from the police station. Here he paused and looked round at them.

"Now, where is this poor fellow?"

"Pump Path," said Luke promptly. "Up here on the right, past the Feathers."

Once out of the wilderness of plinth and portico, he knew his own manor as well as any man alive, and he led them swiftly down the dark pavement beside the shuttered shops. It was no night for strolling and there were few people about, but the inevitable group of the under-entertained were lounging round a dark entrance beside the Four Feathers public house. This tavern was of the lesser gin-palace type. It leered at them through the mist, flaunting offhandedly a drab gaiety of tile and trade-mark, while all along the brass rail which bordered the frosted glass diapering of the saloon window, a row of half-heads, grotesquely bisected, turned to peer at them curiously as they swept by.



The canon bent down. Gently, he began to wipe away the blood from the man's face

As they brushed through the group, a gleam of silver appeared in the alley's dark mouth and a constable saluted as he recognized Luke.

"The trouble's at the other end, sir, near the Bourne Avenue entrance. You'll need a torch. It's very thick in there."

Luke had already produced one. It had a yellow silk sock tied over it and gave a fairly penetrating beam, but even so progress was difficult. The stone way was very worn and sloped sharply from each side to an open gutter in the centre, while the high walls which lined it leaned together, their dark surfaces blank as cliffs.

"What a place to die in!" The inspector spoke with disgust.

"Or to live in, of course." Mr. Campion's light voice sounded affable. He had just reached the end of the wall and had come upon a crooked wooden fence which would have appeared self-consciously rustic in a Sussex village. Some little way behind it the square of a small window shone orange in the mist.

"Back garden of thirty-seven, Grove Road," said Luke over his shoulder. "Last of its kind. There used to be a row of 'em over here, but they've all been built over, except that one which is kept tidy by the caretaker of the solicitor's office. It's quite a sight in the summer. Four marigolds in a fancy flowerpot. The old man has nuisance-by-cats on the brain. Goes down to the station to complain every Friday. I wonder if he heard anything tonight. Look out, there's a bit of a bend here somewhere. . . . Ah."

The torch beam turned and, following it, they came upon the scene of the trouble. It was a dramatic picture. Some resourceful policeman had unearthed one of the old naphtha flares which are the only real answer to fog. Like a

Luke said: "You saw the deceased, did you, duck? How do you know?" Mrs. Gollie was not quite so sure of herself. "I've got eyes, haven't I?"

crimson plume, it spat and hissed above the heads of a knot of men in the chasm, its vigorous smoke trail mingling with the other vapours, making Rembrandtesque clouds above them.

"Chief?" The brisk voice of Sergeant Picot came to them hollowly as his chunky silhouette detached itself from the dark mass.

"Wotcher, George." Luke was ferociously cheerful as usual. "What have you got there?"

"Quite enough, sir. Can you get by? There's not much room. The doctor's here." This last was clearly in the nature of a friendly warning. They advanced cautiously, the little crowd parting for them.

DUDS had died in a hole. In a narrow angle where two walls met there was a space perhaps a foot wide and eighteen inches deep, and into this the body was crammed in a sitting position, the legs drawn up, the chin on the breast. It seemed impossible that any human being should take up so little space. He sat, a heap of unwanted rubbish, and the red shadow which spread out over his sports coat like a bib had crept over his hands and on to the stones. He looked very small and negligible.

Luke squatted down on his heels and the constable brought the flare a step nearer. Picot bent towards his chief.

"One of our own men found him at six forty, but he may have been here an hour or more," he murmured, his heavy-featured face catching the light from Luke's own torch. "This path isn't used very much, and anyway I doubt whether one would have seen him if one was hurrying by."

"Or stopped if one had. He's no wayside flower," muttered Luke, getting up to make way for Mr. Campion. "What was the exact time he left us this afternoon?"

"Well after five, sir. I can't say for sure. I came along as soon as I got the report, of course. We've had the photographer and made the survey. Here's the doctor, sir."

The reminder was scarcely necessary. A steady grumble from the region of the chief inspector's elbow had been audible for some time. Now Luke turned his head towards it.

"Funny how we always disturb you at your dinner, Doc," he said mildly into the darkness. "I've got a parson just behind me. No offence. I only thought you'd like to know."

The rumbling ceased abruptly and a clipped, schoolmasterish voice remarked acidly: "Very good of you to bother about my immortal soul, Chief Inspector. I'm afraid I'd ceased to concern myself about yours. I've been waiting here for over half an hour, and of course any sort of examination in these circumstances is quite useless. If you'll have this sent along I'll do the P.M. at nine tomorrow."

"Righto." Luke spoke without turning his head. "Just before you go, what is all that? Throat cut?"

"The haemorrhage? Oh no. That's from the nose. That's nothing."

"Get away!" Luke sounded relieved. "It's natural, is it? Had a nose bleed and just sat down and died?"

"Not unless by so doing he cracked himself over the head with sufficient force to fracture the vault." The prim voice was smugly amused. "I think that, as you might so easily say yourself, Charles, someone has been 'putting in the leather.' I have no intention of committing myself, but I should say that was done with a boot. We shall know in the morning."

"Can we wash his face?"

"If it gives you any satisfaction. Good evening." He trotted off and his plump figure was swallowed by the fog.

"Steak and kidney pudding night," murmured Luke, glancing after him. "I hope she's kept it hot for him. Can we get this face fit to look at, George?"

"Here, sir?"

"Yes, please. I've got someone to see it. Get on with it, old man, will you?" He broke off abruptly as Campion touched his shoulder. Old Avril had come into the circle of light and stood now bowed before all that remained of the wretched Duds. He was uncovered, his tufty untidy hair sticking up like rough grass on his

fine head. He was wiping the blood very gently from the face with a great white handkerchief, performing the operation inexpertly but with a certain clumsy care which suggested to the minds of everybody present the same sort of operation performed on a child with a cold. He betrayed no trace of distaste or hesitation, and Sergeant Picot for one was frankly scandalized. He made a faint noise in his throat like a startled pheasant and was on the point of intervening when Luke's hand bit into his arm.

The canon continued his ministrations quietly and inexpertly, making a considerable mess of himself. It was clear that, along with sin, blood had no terrors for him.

"There," he said at last, apparently to the corpse, and he looked long at the now no longer horrible but dirty and infinitely pathetic face. Presently he pulled the lids down over the dull eyes.

"Poor boy." All the wastage of Duds's manhood was expressed and commiserated in unself-conscious regret.

As Avril took up the dead man's hands to fold them, the jacket sleeves caught his attention, and for the first time he became puzzled. He lifted the right arm.

"Some light, please," he commanded gently, and Luke's torch shone down for him at once. It fell on a neat leather patch on the elbow and on a smaller one nearer the cuff.

"Seen him before, sir?"

The old man did not answer. He finished his task, folded the hands, and rose. He leaned over to Luke. "I should like to talk to you."

"Very well, sir."

"Where are you taking this poor fellow? Can we go there?"

"No, sir, we'll go along to the station, if you don't mind. It's just round the corner. The body must go down to the mortuary. The van will be here now." Luke was firm but respectful, and the old man nodded. The two appeared to be in complete accord, Mr. Campion noticed, as if they had known each other a very long time.

"I want that jacket," said Avril. "I want to take it home."

"Very good, sir." Luke did not bat an eyelid. "We'll have all the clothes, George, as soon as you can, down at the station. O.K.?"

PICOT stepped back to give an order. The atmosphere of the entire proceedings had undergone an abrupt change. The query had gone, and life and bustle had returned.

While Mr. Campion was taking from his uncle the terrible handkerchief, which he appeared to be on the verge of stuffing into his pocket, Luke paused to give the routine instructions.

"Detective Slaney there?" he inquired, and a compact shadow stood beside him. "Mrs. Gollie, Bill. You know her well, don't you? Nip along to the side bar of the Feathers and see what you can pick up. Detective Coleman."

"Here, sir." The young voice just behind Campion was unsteady in its eagerness and a heavy figure brushed past him.

"Look alive, look alive! Zeal, energy, that's what we want in the C.I.D.! Don't tread on Exhibit A." Luke's irony was as ferocious as his smile in the dark. "Now, just down here behind us there's a low fence with a wicket gate in it. If you can't find the gate, climb over the fence. You'll see a little window all lit up. When you've fallen over the graveyard of little images which fill the perishing place, tap on a window and a door will open just beside you. Inside there'll be the damnedest old man you ever saw, called Creasey. Listen to him, and if you don't lose your temper you'll make a good policeman. If you can get him to tell you if he heard or saw anything unusual in this alley between five thirty and six forty tonight, you may grow into a detective. He's sure to have been in. He's got a bed-ridden old mother in there whom he can't leave. Got it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Right. Off you go. Step on it. Sergeant Branch about? Oh, there you are, Henry. The deceased has got some relations, nice, decent little people called Atkins. Mrs. Atkins is a sister. They live in Tufnell Park. I've got the address here somewhere. I took it down this afternoon. Yes, here it is: twenty-two Smith Street. Can you see to that?"

"Right, sir." The crowd of detectives was thinning and the mortuary attendants had appeared. Luke took Campion by one arm and the canon by the other and moved them gently round. "We must get back," he said. "The Boss will be down by this time."

Avril looked back. "That poor fellow—will they take him home?"

"Well——" Luke was amused, "—they tell me Chelmsford's a modern prison and it's amazing what they're up to nowadays, but even so I doubt if they see their old boys off with plumes and four carriages for the mourners."

"But you said something about relatives."

"Oh yes, next of kin." He sounded gloomy. "It comes hard on people like that. He gave the poor woman's name at his first conviction, I suppose. We never forget. Still, someone's got to stump up for the box and shovel, if we can persuade them to. The public must be protected. This way, sir. I think you want to talk to me. Did you know him?"

AT that moment, the torch in the hand which was through Campion's arm happened to slip up, and the beam played over the fine old face.

"No. He was a complete stranger." The canon sounded regretful. "I should have known Martin. I should have known Martin anywhere. This poor boy was not like him at all."

There was a moment's interruption as they came out of the path and found the wider pavement. They were all three walking very fast, all tall men, their heads close together.

"But the jacket——" Luke began, and Avril nodded.

"The jacket was Martin's, and it came from my house."

"Did it, by jove! When? I mean, when did you last see it?"

The old man paused before replying. "I've been trying to think. I don't know, exactly. I'm not very observant. Some weeks ago, perhaps. Perhaps two months."

Luke pursed his lips for a whistle and changed his mind. They had reached the station and he led them into its austere, carbolic-scented interior and through to the C.I.D. room and his own modest office beyond. Even here the fog had penetrated, hanging in the atmosphere like a smoke haze. But the light was quite good enough to show the younger men something they had not noticed before: the canon was in no fit state to be sent home uncleansed. The only occupant, Detective-Constable Galloway, a round-faced young man who was Luke's clerk, sprang up from his desk at the first glance, supposing no doubt that a murderer had been brought in red-handed, and even Mr. Campion looked startled.

"Yes, well," said Luke, eyeing the old gentleman with incredulity, "we'd better continue this in the washroom. Has the Super phoned, Andy? He hasn't shown up yet, I suppose?"

"No sign of him yet, sir. There are one or two items, though. There have been several inquiries concerning Mr. Geoffrey Levett. His secretary is creating. It appears he was due to speak at a dinner tonight, rather a big show, and he hasn't turned up. Both the secretary and Mrs. Elginbrodde suggested he might have contacted you. They seemed very worried."

THE two younger men exchanged glances and then Luke shrugged his shoulders and touched Avril's arm.

"You'd really better come along with us, sir," he said, and in the washroom, while they attended to him with considerable efficiency, the interrogation continued.

"Oh no, my dear fellow, it was not years ago." The canon had to look down at the inspector, who was busy scrubbing a dark, sticky stain from the front of his coat with a wet towel. "That particular jacket—one could hardly mistake it—has been hanging in the cloakroom at the Rectory for years, but it was there quite recently. It was certainly there when this winter began."

"How do you know, Uncle?" Campion was running warm water over the old hands—slender, clumsy, scholar's hands whose fine almond nails took care of themselves—and he put a piece of soap in them as he spoke.

"Because I saw it there when I took my heavy coat from over it on the first cold day of the autumn. That was St. Matthew's Day, the twenty-first of September, very early for cold weather. We old men notice things like that." Avril took the soap and washed his hands with the obedience of one who was used to tyranny in small matters. "Yes, it was there then. That's less than seven weeks ago. I always hung something over it, you see, and I looked round for something else to cover it with. There was a mackintosh there and I put that round it."

"Why?"

The canon put out his hands for the towel. "Because I thought Meg might go in there and see it. It always reminded me so vividly of Martin. I saw no reason why she should have the same experience."

His glance flickered over to Luke, who was watching him, nodding, his diamond eyes live as coals.

"Have another look at it, sir. Best to be sure. You see what it means?"

"Of course I do, my boy, of course I do." Avril struggled back into his clothes. "Someone very close to us indeed must be involved, and it's a very curious thing because, as I see it, this strangely cruel deception is aimed directly at Meg, and I should not have said that anyone who knew her would do it. That's why I must have that jacket and I must take it home."

From force of habit he took the lead back to

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The star in a wheelchair

SEVEN years ago, Susan Peters, Hollywood film star, went on a hunting trip. As she picked up an "unloaded" gun, it went off. The bullet cut her spinal cord, partially paralysing her. In a moving article in JOHN BULL next week, Eleanor Harris tells how the star stubbornly set out to prove that life in a wheelchair can be full and exciting. She adopted a baby son, learned to run a house, drive a car, even ride a horse. And today she's built up a new career in American TV.

Susan Peters knits socks for her adopted son, Timothy

. . . Also in next week's issue, **HARRY HOPKINS REPORTS FROM BORNEO,** a fascinating study of Britain's newest colonies—Sarawak and North Borneo, lands full of such exotic things as clouded leopards and flying snakes. Now civilization has caught up with Borneo's wild men as postwar pioneers open up the country.

Separated by armed guards, the prisoners stand as the judge prepares to sentence them. Vogeler, sentenced to fifteen years, is on the left. The others, from left to right, are Edgar Sanders (thirteen years), Geiger (death), Rado (death), Domokos (ten years) and the Rev. Dr. Justh (ten years)

I faced a Communist trial

by ROBERT A. VOGELER

with Leigh White

The stage is set. Evidence is painstakingly rehearsed. Threats are made. This is how the Reds get their sensational "confessions," told by a man who spent seventeen months in Hungarian prisons

EARLY IN FEBRUARY, 1950, my diet at the Budapest prison where I was held, awaiting trial for espionage, suddenly improved. Sandor Cseresnyes, my cellmate, and I were now served meat and potatoes twice a day. The portions were so large that I could seldom finish mine. Cseresnyes, however, always managed to clean both our plates. Our improved standard of living, he said, was a sure sign that I was soon to go on trial. Emaciated defendants made bad propaganda. It was the practice of AVO, the Hungarian political police, to fatten them up like sacrificial lambs.

In December I had been confronted by Zoltan Rado, the chief of a department of the Ministry of Heavy Industry, and several witnesses. I was now confronted on successive nights by Imre Geiger, the general manager of the Standard Electric Company of Budapest; Edgar Sanders, the Englishman who was the local accountant of the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation; and Edina Dory, the barmaid at the Hotel Astoria. The purpose of the confrontations was to make sure that our respective falsehoods coincided.

Each confrontation took place in the presence of the prisoner's inquisitor and his staff. In each case the inquisitor was a different man. Sanders's inquisitor, for example, was my own first inquisitor, whom I call Number One, whose more luxurious office had now been taken over by my second inquisitor, Number Two. It seemed evident that Number One had been penalized for his failure to extract a full "confession" of espionage from me in the beginning.

In the meantime I had been photographed and given a number—04381 R. I thus knew that I had already been convicted by an "administrative decision." All that remained was to exploit my ignominy in a public trial that would humble the United States.

Rehearsal With Judge

On February 10, I had my first audience with Vilmos Olti, one of two officials who alternately presided at Hungary's political trials. Olti was the man who had sentenced Cardinal Mindszenty to life imprisonment. He had once been a member of the Arrow Cross, the Hungarian Nazi Party, but he had betrayed the Germans in time to make himself acceptable to the Russians. He was a tall, slender man with Germanic features, a suave manner and a mellifluous baritone voice. He was dressed in a dark brown suit with a fawn-coloured waistcoat.

On his desk were two copies of my final confession. He had marked them with a blue pencil to indicate the portions that were to become my answers to the twenty-three sets of key questions he would ask me at the trial. "Let's go over them," he said, "to hear how we sound. Your answers will have to be convincing."

He now addressed me in Hungarian, through an interpreter who was present, and told me to respond to his questions in English. Up to then we had spoken German. "When and under what circumstances did you commence your espionage activities?" he asked.

"In Chicago, in 1942," I heard my voice reply. "I became a member of the F.B.I.—the Federal Bureau of Investigation—and was initiated into espionage work."

We continued in this vein for an hour and a half. At last Olti called in Number Two and told him to coach me for several days until I had become letter perfect.

That night I was given a copy of my indictment. With Cseresnyes looking over my shoulder, I read that "Robert Vogeler, a colonel in the U.S. Army, making use of his experience acquired at the espionage school of the F.B.I., built up a network of spies composed of pro-Fascist executives in the Standard plant and of adventurers greedy for money. . . . From all of them Vogeler continuously received intelligence material. . . . He organized the escape of such

Vilmos Olti, judge at Vogeler's trial, delivers a sentence. On each side are his assistant judges

spies as were exposed. He spied out State secrets and surrendered them to the authorities of a foreign state.

"The second part of the crimes committed by Robert Vogeler consists of his acts of sabotage consistently carried out in accordance with the instructions of Colonel Behn. . . . It was on Vogeler's instructions that the Standard plant submitted a false balance sheet and made payment of unwarranted claims. Vogeler instructed Zoltan Rado to commit a breach of his duties and carry out diversionist activities."

Not a single one of the foregoing statements was true. I had never even been a private, much less a colonel, in the United States Army. I had resigned my ensign's commission in the U.S. Naval Reserve in 1937. I was exempted from military service during the second World War because of my work for the Kellogg Switchboard Company of Chicago on military communications equipment. A fellow traveller denounced me to the F.B.I. in 1942 for criticizing the arrogant behaviour of the Russian inspectors in the Kellogg factory. That was the sum total of my relations with the F.B.I.

Sosthenes Behn, the Chairman of International Telephone and Telegraph, had retired from the Army immediately after the first World War. Neither of us had any connections with any agency of the U.S. Government. I had many friends in the American forces in Austria, however, and I told them what I could about industrial operations behind the Iron Curtain. I considered it my duty as a private citizen to do so. The type of information that I supplied was freely available to the public in all but Communist countries. It involved no military secrets. My dealings with Rado were at all times open and official.

Number Two's Warning

I asked Cseresnyes what he thought would happen if, in the midst of the trial, I suddenly told the truth—that it was all a barbaric hoax, and that my co-defendants and I were innocent.

Cseresnyes was aghast. "I hate to think of what would happen," he said. "The careers of so many people depend on your conviction that they'd do anything—literally anything—to prevent you from queering the trial." That night, when he was taken out for questioning, he must have reported what I had said, for the next day Number Two issued a solemn warning.

"Your entire future," he said, "will be determined by your behaviour at the trial. If you fail to answer in the proper spirit, you will be removed and taken to a special hospital. There you will be given treatment that will make you happy to come back and answer the president's questions. But it will also make you a cripple for life."

For three days I rehearsed my answers to Olti's questions in the presence of Number Two and his interpreter. Then Number Two announced that the time had come to choose my defence counsel. He produced a list of names and told me to select one. The only name I recognized was that of a lawyer who had done some work for Standard Budapest following the escape of our regular lawyer, Tamas Mezei.

"I don't think you want him," said Number Two. "He's not reliable."

"Then why not let the American Legation select my attorney?"

"You seem to have forgotten," said Number Two, "that your Government has expressed no interest in your case."

My Lawyer's Dismay

Long afterwards, following my release from prison, I learned that my wife and father and some friends had retained Morris L. Ernst, of New York, as my attorney. Indeed, the U.S. Legation formally requested a postponement of my trial until Ernst could confer with me in Budapest. Ernst's visa was withheld on the ground that I had already retained a Hungarian attorney named Imre Bard.

Actually I had nothing to do with the selection of Bard. He was chosen for me by Number Two. Bard was a fat lawyer who had made his peace with the AVO. He spent no more than forty-five minutes with me before I went on trial. When I told him that my confession had been extracted under duress, and was therefore null and void, he looked at me in dismay. "You don't mean to tell me that you intend to repudiate your confession?"

"You're my lawyer," I said. "What do you suggest?"

He suggested that, in view of the "serious nature of my crimes," the only thing to do was to throw myself on the "mercy" of the court. It was obvious that he had no intention of defending me. His function was merely to assist the State prosecutor, Gyula Alapi, in obtaining a "legal" conviction. As he was about to leave, I asked Bard how many years he thought I would get. He looked at me with an owlish expression on his face. "What do you think?" he said.

I told him that I had been threatened with everything from five years to death. Bard hummed and hawed and finally said that he would be very happy if he could get me off with life imprisonment.

For two more days I rehearsed my questions and answers with Number Two. Then, on the day before my trial, Olti reappeared, and we held a formal rehearsal in the presence of Alapi's assistant.

That night I saw Gabor Peter, chief of the AVO, who told me that if I played my part well he would personally see to it that I was made comfortable in prison. I asked him what my sentence would be. He said it was a question that could be decided only by the court. He then went on to paint an idyllic word picture of what my life in prison would be like—no more interrogations, no more interruptions of my sleep, plenty of books to read and food to eat. Of course, in view of the "serious nature of my crimes," I would have to be held in solitary confinement. No one would be allowed to speak to me. If I had any requests, however, I could always address them to him in writing, and he would see that they were given full consideration.

"Remember," said Peter, as he dismissed me, "the way you conduct yourself at the trial will determine the sort of life you lead in prison."

Locked In Prison Van

Before breakfast next morning I was taken out to have a shower and be shaved. On my return to our cell I found the warden awaiting me with my striped black suit and a clean shirt and tie. My shoes, in the meantime, had been polished and provided with laces. As soon as I had dressed, the warden took me out to the courtyard and locked me up in a large prison van with my six co-defendants—Geiger, Rado, Sanders, Edina Dory, Kelemen Domokos and the Rev. Dr. Istvan Justh. Domokos was an engineer at the Standard plant. Justh was a provincial priest whose only crime was his friendship with Sanders.

The van contained six windowless compartments in which all of us but Edina Dory were separately confined. Edina sat on a bench with the guards. Not a word was spoken from the time we left 60 Stalin Avenue to the time the doors were opened in the courtyard of the Criminal Courts Building.

There we were lined up with a guard alongside each one of us, warned not to speak, and were then marched up a back stairway to an anteroom on the fourth floor. Here we were seated facing the wall. Guards in the green uniform of the Ministry of Justice walked up and down, silently serving us sandwiches, excellent coffee and fairly good Hungarian brandy.

Gabor Peter presently appeared, to make sure that all of us were "in the proper frame of mind." Then, after another round of brandy, we were marched into the courtroom, arraigned before Olti and his four assistant judges, and marched back to the anteroom. There each of us was rewarded with another sandwich.

It all took place so quickly that I hardly realized what had happened until Peter said to me: "I think you made a mistake." Like each of the others, I had been asked a few questions and, with one exception, I had given the expected answers. The exception occurred when Olti asked: "Did you serve in the Army?" My answer, which was broadcast by radio and recorded by the U.S. Army station in Vienna, was a simple "No."

My mistake was not recorded, however, in the White Book that was subsequently issued by the Hungarian State Publishing House. According to that officially doctored version of my trial, the following imaginary interchange took place:

The President: Did you serve in the Army?
Vogeler: I served in the Navy.
The President: What rank did you hold?
Vogeler: I was a lieutenant-commander.

To judge from the White Book, I was at one and the same time a lieutenant-commander in the Navy, a colonel in the Army and an assistant vice-president of International Telephone and Telegraph.

Prompted By Inquisitors

Geiger, Rado and Sanders were tried on Friday, and I was tried on Saturday, along with Domokos, Justh and Dory. Mrs. Zador, my former secretary, subsequently testified as one of nine witnesses for the prosecution. There were no witnesses for the defence.

Each defendant was prompted by his inquisitor, who sat behind him in the dock. Peter and his fat deputy acted as stage managers. Their standing in the party hierarchy apparently depended on the success of their production. A doctor and two medical orderlies joined Peter in

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EMERGENCY VISIT

by AUGUSTUS MUIR

ILLUSTRATED BY CASWELL

The doctor was helpless. . . . While the dog kept him at a distance, a woman lay dying before his eyes

DR. JIM KINGSLEY closed the front door behind him and put down his bag of instruments. A message for him had been scrawled on the pad, he saw. Well, that could wait. Taking the stairs three steps at a time, he pushed open the nursery door and snapped on the light.

A voice behind him in the passage made him turn.

"Did you see the message, Doctor?" asked old Anna. "You're wanted at once. The lady didn't say what was wrong."

"I saw your note," said Kingsley, then the urgent question: "How's Brian? I've been worried——"

"No need," said Anna reassuringly. "He's better. Just something he'd eaten, I think." She looked past him into the nursery, and followed him across to the bed. Brian Kingsley, eight years old, did not stir. His father looked intently at him; at the pale, almost yellow hair, the sunburnt forehead. Asleep like this, he looked so extraordinarily like his mother that the doctor caught his breath. He gazed for a long moment before he could shake the thought away. Olive had been dead seven years now.

He straightened his back. "I wonder if it's a grass-snake or a squirrel he's taken to bed tonight!" he said with a smile, his glance straying to the corner of the room. There was a white rat in a cage, some mice, guinea-pigs, a wounded squirrel: Brian's menagerie. The boy was crazy about animals.

WITH a "good night" to Anna, Kingsley went downstairs, and glanced again at the message the old woman had left. The name on the pad leaped up at him. Miss Pitcairn, Woodside Bungalow. He thought for a moment. Nelga Pitcairn had been his wife's school friend. He hadn't seen her since Olive's death. Since then, Nelga had won repute as an artist. Quite by chance he'd heard she'd come back to the old bungalow near the village a day or two ago.

Kingsley glanced at his watch. Ten thirty. Better check up on the call, give assurance that he'd come right along. He got the number from the exchange, dialled, waited. Strange there was no answer! One does not put through a late call to a doctor, then walk out of the house. . . .

As he drove towards the bungalow in the beech woods, he began to remember other things about Nelga Pitcairn. It wasn't a difficult task. For years now there had been tit-bits in the Press about her. "Woman Artist Trapped In Himalayas." "Woman Artist Brings Back Python Pet."

Then there was that last piece of news he had read. What was it? Something about her sudden disappearance; an attempt to play it up as a mystery. Maybe she had just come down here for a rest—no mystery about it. But it was a little odd that nobody had answered the phone when he'd tried to call back.

He swung the car into a lane that led to the woods. Presently the white bungalow came into the range of his headlamps. Although so close to the village, the beech woods gave you the impression that the house was far in the wilds. Kingsley could see no lights in the front windows.

In answer to his ring, a dog barked inside. He waited, then rang again. It was no lapdog beyond the door—that was the rumbling voice of a big, deep-chested animal. Puzzled, he went slowly along the path, then turned towards the back of the house. A light shone out into the garden. It seemed to be coming from a french window. He went towards it. What caught his eye inside drew him forward till the brim of his hat touched the glass.

A YOUNG woman lay on a big couch, her head against some cushions. She lay so still, her body in such a curious position, that he thought at first she was dead. He recognized her features as those of Nelga Pitcairn.

And then Kingsley saw her head move. The movement was so slight it was hardly perceptible. She was plainly very ill. He pressed the handle, found the door opened easily, and stepped forward into the room.

The next moment he was outside again, and had snapped the window shut. A huge Alsatian dog had plunged in from the passage, sweeping aside a red curtain that hung in the doorway, and was now at the window, snarling viciously.

Through a glass ventilating panel, Kingsley called to the woman: "I'm Dr. Kingsley. You phoned me a little while ago."

He had to repeat the words before she looked up. She seemed too weak to make any other response. The lids closed again; her head went to one side. Kingsley peered at her, taking in every tiny detail that his eyes could pounce upon. She had an ashen pallor. Her forehead was damp; she had a look of terror, as if she knew that death was near. He spoke again through the ventilator: "Tell me if you hear what I say."

The head moved slightly; it might have been a nod.

"Is it safe for me to come in and attend to you?"

The woman's eyes opened again, looked across in alarm; she was trying to shake her head, and was in considerable agitation.

"All right. Please don't worry. I understand. I'll have to see what I can do."

He didn't like leaving her, but there was only one thing he could do. He turned his car and drove to a nearby farm. He found the farmer—a patient of his called Ancell—on the point of going to bed.

"You reckon," said Ancell, "the lady might die if you can't get to her?"

Kingsley told him every second was vital.

The man grunted. "Well, there's only one thing we can do—shoot the beggar."

"I don't see any other way."

They drove back to the bungalow.

At the french window, Kingsley called again to Nelga Pitcairn. He had hoped the dog might have quietened down. It was, in fact, more defiant than ever.

Kingsley suggested a plan. There might be no need to shoot. "Get round to the front door and make a noise," he told Ancell. "As soon as the dog's out in the passage, I'll go in and shut the door behind that curtain."

Ancell nodded and went off. A loud beating on the front door sent the dog streaking out of the room, and Kingsley jerked open the window and raced across. With a gasp of dismay, he turned back. There was no door! Only this great red curtain shut off the room from the

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Kingsley raced out of the room, snapping the window behind him. He made it only just in time

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM KEMP

At the Strand Theatre, where he produced *And So To Bed*, Jack De Leon sits between Betty Paul and Jessie Royce Landis and jokes with Leslie Henson

Reluctant star-maker

by MARJORIE EARL

Jack De Leon says he was pushed into the theatre and would like to get out of it. Hits bore him. Yet the unknowns who have passed through his hands have grown into a long list of big names

FRIENDS AND ACQUAINTANCES describe Jack De Leon as the most knowledgeable, most energetic, most versatile impresario in the British theatre. In just over twenty years he has produced nearly 1,500 plays. Unlike most producers, who hand the job to a hireling, he has been intimately involved with every production, and from each he has learned its particular lesson.

In between productions he has written twelve plays (all but three of which have been staged), a novel (which a publisher described as "Ethel M. Dell at her worst"), and a book on philosophy and ethics ("far too long for anybody to read, much less publish"). He toiled five hours a day for six months over this epic, a discipline difficult to impose on a day already stretched to double the normal.

His business acumen may not be unique, but at least it has kept him erect on the shifting financial ground of London's West End, which he has supplied with about fifty plays, most of them successes. It always nurses his accounts back to health after his periodic and usually costly excursions into artistic and experimental theatre. And it has enabled him to feed his own theatre near Kew Bridge, appropriately called the Q, on a diet of fifty-two plays a year since 1928, thus making it the only playhouse of its kind in Britain and possibly the world.

De Leon manifestly loves the theatre with a passion that few can match, but he declares that the worst mistake he ever made was getting into it in the first place. He says that the ambition of his life is to retire to a hilltop villa in Florence, there to read, write and study, and in his spare time contemplate the masterpieces of Michelangelo. His friends laugh at this and say he would wither and die if plucked from his natural medium.

Tall and dark-complexioned, De Leon has a gentle manner which almost conceals the basic unrest which is the spring of his boundless energy. At fifty, he looks back without gratification on his successes, and ahead to the inevitable frustration of the intellectual who deliberately sets his goal beyond his reach.

By way of revealing his tentative ambitions, he says: "If one could produce works of great quality nothing would induce me to present even a play like *The Gioconda Smile*." A dramatization of an Aldous Huxley story, this play was first produced at the Q Theatre in 1948, with Clive Brook and Pamela Brown. After a week it moved triumphantly to the Comedy Theatre to become one of the more successful of De Leon's West End productions.

Although he considers Huxley one of the most articulate and talented writers alive, De Leon is not above telling him something about playwriting. When he first got the script of *The Giocanda Smile*, he decided he wanted several alterations. But Huxley was living in the

mountains of California with no telephone. So a time call was fixed and De Leon talked with the author for twenty-seven minutes at a pound a minute. Less than a week later the revised script arrived by airmail.

De Leon has been described as one of the greatest play doctors in the business. While watching a rehearsal he makes no notes, but at the end of it, even if he has never read the play, he knows all its moods, a good many of the lines, and can put his finger on its weaknesses.

The kind of work for which De Leon would cheerfully forgo a distinguished success is Goethe's *Faust*. The fact that his presentation of it was a spectacular failure in no way diminishes his conviction that it was an artistic achievement. "Most people would say it was my worst mistake. I think it was the greatest thing I ever produced," he declares. It had seventeen scenes, a revolving stage and an enormous circular staircase. But it did not bring in the customers.

Losses on his highbrow productions are offset by the gold he manages to mine from such shallow intellectual seams as *To Dorothy, a Son*. This farce, which recently celebrated its first anniversary, achieved the phenomenal by covering production costs on a seven-week tour, a position normally reached only after three or four months of good business in the West End.

"It was brought to me by a friend of the author," says De Leon's brother, Herbert, who is a theatrical agent. "I didn't think it was my brother's cup of tea. He's too highbrow." However, as it is a habit in the theatre to ask De Leon for advice, Herbert submitted it to his brother. Although funny, the play looked like a box office risk. But four hours after he got the script De Leon had decided to do it himself.

The Attenborough Shock

When he said he wanted Richard Attenborough for the male lead everybody thought he was crazy. Attenborough's reputation had been built on a series of "heavy" rôles like the vicious young spiv in *Brighton Rock*. But De Leon remembered him playing comedy at the Q eight years earlier, and was sure he was tailored to measure for the part of the unhappy young man with two wives. Events and the balance sheet have vindicated his judgment.

Although he says he finds business "nothing but a bore and an embarrassment," De Leon is much too good at it to let his artistic inclinations dull his sense of good theatre or blind his box office eye. If he is convinced that a play will make money he will take it on, no matter what his private opinion of its merit.

After the opening night of *The Dish Ran Away*, the critics ran away, too, trailing a smokescreen of abuse behind them. Predictions were that the play would be off in a week. De Leon invited 600 Members of Parliament to the show. Two hundred and fifty of them came. Each one was given a card and asked to state whether he agreed with the critics. Ninety-eight per cent of them disagreed, and the newspapers obligingly published the results. *The Dish Ran Away* revived and lived a healthy nine months to make a small fortune.

De Leon blames his mother-in-law for luring him into the theatre. "She pushed me into it," he says. When barely twenty he married Beatrice Lewisohn, a young graduate of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. At that time he was well on the way to becoming a lawyer. Mrs. De Leon was running a dramatic school, and when her husband was not studying she enlisted his help to teach elocution.

One day his mother-in-law drew his attention to an advertisement in *The Times*. It said that the Prince's Hall, near Kew Bridge, was to let. She suggested it would be a good locality for her daughter's dramatic school. "Before I knew what had happened we had bought it," he says. When the deal was completed he asked the solicitors to whom he was articled for six months' leave of absence. Six years later he got a letter from them, reminding him that the articles were still in force. "Either they must be cancelled," the letter admonished, "or the matter will have to go before the Law Society."

The building, which is now the Q Theatre, had been in turn a beer garden, a dance hall, a swimming bath and a film studio. After months of hard work and heartache it was transformed into a theatre with a stage twenty-five feet deep, seating capacity for 500, club rooms and outbuildings which house workshops and a printing press. It is today a self-contained theatrical unit where students strive to work, and great actors and actresses can be had for £10 a week. No play lasts longer than a week. Half of its 1,200-odd productions have been revivals, the other half new plays, of which approximately 150 have transferred to the West End.

Linking The Hermiones

One of the most famous of the Q's transfers, which De Leon himself took to the West End, was *Rise Above It*. This is the only revue he has ever touched. When it opened, it was a dismal failure. One day he was confiding his worries to Hermione Baddeley over a drink when Hermione Gingold came into the room. "I think you two should do a revue together," said De Leon, pulling an idea out of the air. Several drinks later De Leon had decided to close the show and move to Manchester for heavy rehearsals with two new stars. "We gradually cut and changed the script until we had it ready," he recalls. It became one of the most sensational revues of the century and ran for two years.

De Leon has attracted almost every star of any importance into his theatre. Most of them recognize the Q as a good shop window. If they are being typed, they can step out of character on the Q's stage. If they are "resting" they can keep their hand in. If they are in a new play's trial they may see a long run ahead—and there is the additional lure of the film and theatrical producers who usually pepper the Q's stalls on first nights.

Many a young actor or actress taking a first curtain call at the Q has been snapped up by these producers. Phyllis Calvert, Joyce Redman, Joan Greenwood, John Clements, Richard Attenborough, Margaret Lockwood and Vivien Leigh are in this company. Before she appeared at the Q, Vivien Leigh had been seen in a provincial production by a friend of De Leon's, who suggested her for a rôle in *The Green Sash*. She played this part so brilliantly that Sydney Carroll gave her the lead in *The Mask of Virtue*, the rôle which made her famous.

"Beattie" Cuts The Costs

Most of the Q's operations are handled by Mrs. De Leon, known affectionately to everybody in the profession as "Beattie." A production costs about £500, and if playing to capacity the box office takes only £750 a week. It is therefore essential to operate on a tight budget. Peter Dearing, who has worked for De Leon for fifteen years and directed many plays for him, remembers an occasion when he asked for a new sofa. Mrs. De Leon wanted to know if he thought it would sell ten seven and sixpenny seats. "That's the reason the Q has kept going when other theatres have failed," Dearing says. Other people say it keeps going because of De Leon's love of the theatre. For even with these stringent economies, the Q sometimes sinks into the red. Then De Leon has to make up the deficit from his West End profits.

There has scarcely been a season during the last twenty years when De Leon has not had at least one play running in the West End. Usually it is two. Most of them he thinks of as bread and butter rather than serious artistic enterprises. "I stopped being serious about the theatre after my third year at the Q," he says. "Now it goes like a graph. Every so often I get excited about something, and I'm right back where I was twenty years ago." THE END

From the back of his seat, De Leon runs his play doctor's eye over *The Holly And The Ivy* before its recent revival in his own Q Theatre

The casting that everyone said was crazy. De Leon shares tea with the stars of *To Dorothy, a Son*—Allyn McLerie (left), Sheila Sim and Richard Attenborough. His hunch proved right

COME AGAIN, McKECHNIE

by JON CLEARY

ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED SINDALL

He had no time for women, but he knew what this girl meant to Alec. He could help her—if he wanted to

IT HAD TO COME SOME TIME, McKechnie knew that, but he'd kept turning the other way, preferring not to think about it. Time had slowed the hand and stiffened the back, and a man grew old early in the shearing game. Fifty-five now, and he'd lasted ten years longer than most of them. But it was still pretty hard to realize he was finished.

"What you gonna put on for the first meal, Bluey?" someone said. "You been taking any lessons?"

"I hope he cooks better'n he used to shear. The sheep've got the laugh on us this time."

"The sheep've always had the laugh on you," Bluey McKechnie said. "I've heard 'em talking among 'emselves."

The big truck, crammed with the shearing team and their gear, bumped down the last rise into the homestead at Wirramunna. This sheep station was always the first to begin the West Australian shearing season, and McKechnie had been coming here for as long as he could remember. Every year he had looked forward to it after the four months' lay-off: the boat trip from Perth to Derby, the 150-mile truck ride to Wirramunna, the familiar smell of the wool grease and the noise in the shed, the clatter of the first shorn sheep going down the chute, the whole environment where for years he had been a "gun" shearer, a champ.

He stood by the back of the truck as the other men jumped down. On the wide plain below the homestead there were patches of white and gold everlasting flowers, like pools remaining from the Wet season. In the far distance the mountains were blue and hazy under the last tattered remnants of the Wet's clouds.

"There they come," Alec Patterson said. "How do you feel about it, Bluey?"

McKechnie stared down at the red cloud of dust moving across the plain. Even at this distance he could hear the shouts of the aboriginal stockmen and the light, nagging barks of the dogs, and this was something else he'd always looked forward to: the arrival of the first mob of sheep for tomorrow's shearing.

"Glad to be done with it," he said, and lifted his gear off the back of the truck. "I know when I've had enough."

He turned his back and walked away as Jock Shaw, the shearing contractor, came out of the main house with Laurie, the owner, and yelled that he had some mail. The Derby–Darwin plane went out of its way once a week to drop mail here to save Laurie the long haul into Derby. McKechnie knew there would be no letters for him and he kept on across the yard toward the sleeping huts.

No one wrote to McKechnie. A long time ago he'd belonged to a family, but his mum and dad had died and his sisters had married and moved east to New South Wales, and he'd become a man alone. Loneliness hadn't worried him—a shearer's life with its constant travelling and complete lack of roots had got him used to that—and he'd never made a lasting friend until Alec Patterson had turned up five years ago.

As he walked into the hut, he saw that Judson, the new man with the team, was lying on his bunk. He was a big man, too big really for a shearer, with a big voice and a big opinion of himself. All through the boat trip from Perth he'd been talking about how good shearers were in Victoria where he came from, and McKechnie, a quiet man, had grown tired of the sound of his voice. He had avoided Judson.

"They tell me you used to be a pretty good shearer." Judson lit a cigarette and flicked the match past McKechnie's nose, out of the door. "It's a bit of a comedown, ain't it, to finish up as a cook?"

"I'm training to be a chef." None knew better than he what a comedown it was, but when you'd known one life you couldn't just walk out of it and make a new start; not at fifty-five, and with no other training. Jock Shaw had offered him the cook's job and he'd grabbed it. "You gotta start somewhere."

"Pretty quick with the tongue, ain't he?" Judson looked at Simmons and Lucas, the other two men in the hut. "How quick were you with the clippers? What was your best for a day?"

"Three hundred and fifteen in eight hours." The lean spade of a chin came up and the sun-bleached eyes were suddenly young; that was something of the years he would have with him for ever. "What's yours?"

Alec Patterson walked into the hut and saved

Old McKechnie's derisive taunt was too much

Alec grasped his injured wrist. . "I want the money soon," he said dismally. "Marge is sick"

for Judson. In a flash he had crossed the room, grabbed McKechnie's shirt and raised his fist. At that moment, Alec stepped forward to intervene

Judson's face. He dropped his gear on the floor and lay down on his bunk. He lay stiffly and quietly, staring up at the ceiling, one hand clutching a letter.

"You got any mail, Alec?" Lucas said.

"Yeah," Patterson said without turning his head.

That would be one from his new missus, McKechnie thought. He began to sort out his belongings, packing them away in the neat manner of a man who had always had to look after himself. He didn't need any woman to look after him. Women didn't fit into a shearer's life, not in a permanent way, anyway. He'd been pounding that into Alec's head ever since they'd first met, but as it had turned out he might just as well have talked to the sheep he'd shorn.

He hadn't been able to believe it at first when Alec had come to him on the beach at Carnarvon that morning four months ago.

"This is going to rock you," Alec had said. "I'm getting married Saturday. I met her a week ago in Perth and we hit it off right away. Yeah, I know what you told me, but this is fair dinkum, Bluey. And you'll like her, too. I want you to be best man at the wedding. That means you'll have to shave and put on a tie, but you'll do it for a cobber, won't you?"

Bluey had just looked at him, unable for the moment to speak. Then he'd mumbled something to Alec, and gone out and got drunk. He'd stayed drunk for a week, being drunkest of all on the Saturday, and he hadn't seen or heard from Alec until yesterday. Alec had flown up from Perth to Derby, missing the nine days' boat, and in the truck coming out to Wirramunna, Bluey had kept away from him. He should have asked Jock Shaw to see that they were billeted in different huts.

THE evening meal and next morning's breakfast weren't a gourmet's delight, but they were adequate. McKechnie had spent most of his life abusing shearers' cooks, and he knew what to expect from the shearers and what they wanted. Judson complained with a little more emphasis than the other men, but his remarks made little impression on McKechnie; he'd run into a few cyclones in his travels, and another big wind meant nothing to him.

Alec Patterson didn't come to the evening meal, and at breakfast he hardly touched the food on the table before him. McKechnie said harshly: "What's the matter? Ain't it as good as your missus makes?"

Patterson looked up at him, then abruptly rose from his seat and walked out of the cookhouse. McKechnie stared after him, suddenly angry. Well, that was just the way he wanted it. Alec had his missus, to write him letters and spend his money and take up his time so he couldn't even talk to old cobbers. Bluey McKechnie had himself, and that was all he needed.

After breakfast McKechnie strolled across to the shearing shed. He'd tried to stay away in the cookhouse, but he couldn't stop himself. He leaned against the wall and looked down the long shed. He felt the itch in his hands, the weight of the sheep against his knee, the smell of the wool thick in his nose.

"Wish you were in there, Bluey?" Jock Shaw was standing beside him; he had worked for Jock for fifteen years. "It won't be so bad next year."

"I'm doing all right," he said. "I'm gonna take it easy now."

Shaw looked at him, then grinned. "You bleeding old liar."

The twelve shearers were standing on the board waiting for the starting bell. Contract men, paid at

the rate of so much a hundred sheep, could make good money, and there was kudos as well as money in being the fastest shearer in the shed.

McKechnie looked down the shed at the shearers, seeing the slight, dark figure of Alec Patterson and the big blondness of Judson side by side. Then the sound of the bell hit him as a sudden shock. He saw the men dart into the pens for their sheep, heard the handpieces begin to buzz. He turned and walked quickly across to the cookhouse.

That night the other men were already in bed by the time he got across to the hut. The first day's shearing was always the toughest, and the men usually went to bed early. Alec Patterson, lying in his bunk, was just sealing up a letter as McKechnie walked in.

McKechnie had brought a billy of tea across with him. He set it down on the small table in the centre of the hut. "You blokes want a cuppa?"

Judson raised himself in his bunk and held out a mug. McKechnie glared at him. "What's the matter? I seen you done only two hundred and thirty today. Did that break your back or something?"

"A bloke oughta break your neck." Judson got out of his bunk and poured himself a mug of tea. "It beats me how you've lived as long as you have, you old goat."

"Lay off." Alec Patterson took the billy from Judson. "We're all too tired to listen to an argument." He sat on his bunk and began to sip his tea. His blunt, dark face was wan and tired.

McKechnie was finished with Alec as a cobber, but he'd been a shearer too long not to admire another man's skill. "You were going some today." There was grudging approval in his voice. "Two hundred and forty-four. You never done as good as that before on the first day."

"I once done two fifty," Judson said. "He just got the jump on us today, that was all."

McKechnie ignored him, and spoke again to Patterson. "The missus'll be proud of you, eh?" The sarcasm in his voice was as subtle as a blunt axe.

"Yeah." Patterson put his mug on the table and climbed back into his bunk. He looked at the letter he still held in his hand, then rolled over to face the wall. "I just been telling her about it."

MCKECHNIE felt the rebuff like a slap in the face. Anger boiled up within him, and he wanted to reach out and wipe his hand across the back of Patterson's head. Then Judson spoke.

"You afraid one of us young blokes might some day break your record?"

McKechnie's anger switched direction. "You'll never beat anyone's record! You use your wind too much for talking!"

Judson was out of bed in a moment. He towered over McKechnie, his arm raised like a club, but Patterson and the other two men moved rapidly.

"Break it up," Patterson said, standing between them. "He's twice your age and half as big."

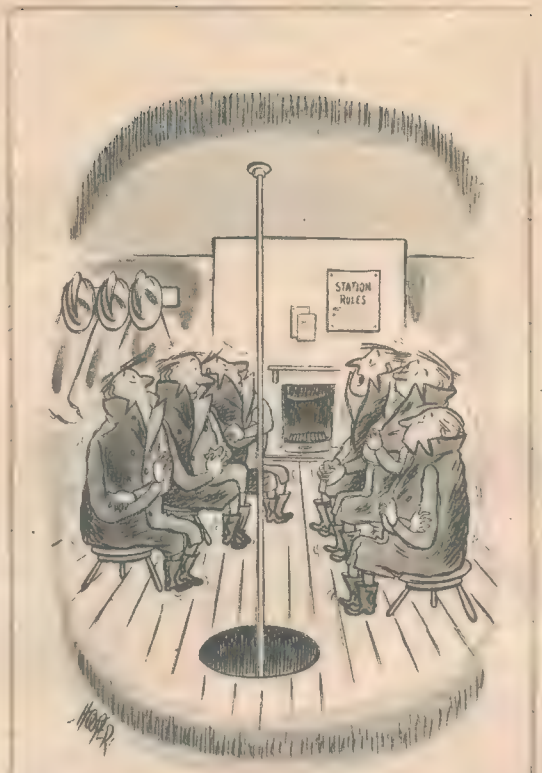
"Tell him to keep his trap shut, then," Judson said. "The little runt——"

"Get outa me way!" McKechnie tried to push past Patterson. "I'll show him who's a runt!"

Patterson pushed down McKechnie's fists. "Get into bed, will you? Dave and Harry and I want to get some sleep. For Pete's sake, cool down. That damned temper of yours——"

"Would you like to step outside for a moment?" McKechnie would take on the whole world tonight. A sudden, unfamiliar spasm of loneliness had hit him, and he threw up his only defences. "I'll take on any——"

"What'd be the point in any of us knocking



"What beats me is how these fires start"

you cold, Bluey?" Simmons said. "Who'd get breakfast in the morning?"

Lucas laughed, and the tension had broken. Judson got back into his bunk and picked up the magazine he'd been reading. Patterson looked at McKechnie for a moment, then he grinned. "One of these days you're going to buy into a fight with Joe Louis."

When the hut was dark, McKechnie lay in his bunk, looking out at the bright, starlit sky. He could hear Patterson moving restlessly in the bunk next to his. Last season they would have still been yarning, talking about the day and what might happen the rest of the season, but tonight Alec was keeping to himself.

McKechnie stared out at the stars, feeling suddenly bleak and old.

At lunchtime the next day he heard the men talking about Patterson. After lunch, he went across to the shed. Patterson was working with a sort of quiet frenzy, seemingly oblivious of the other men in the shed. Beside him Judson was matching him for speed, but there was no grace or smoothness about his movements. He was throwing the sheep around with a roughness that made McKechnie wince.

At the end of the day the tallies showed Patterson: 288; Judson: 285. Patterson seemed unaware that there had been a race. He ate his meal in silence and immediately afterwards went across to the hut. The men broke up into groups, some to play cards, others to have a sing-song to the accompaniment of an old concertina. McKechnie finished baking tomorrow's bread and went across to the hut.

Patterson was just finishing another letter. There was a snapshot on the table in front of him, but McKechnie deliberately kept his gaze away from it. He'd never seen Alec's missus, Marge or whatever her name was, and he didn't want to. He disliked her enough without looking at her.

JUDSON came into the hut, followed by half a dozen of the men. He looked flushed and excited, as if he had just been arguing.

"How'd you like to make a bet, Patto?"

Patterson looked up at Judson, then at the men crowding in the doorway, then back at Judson. "What sort of bet? What's on?"

One of the men spoke. "He's been telling us what he used to do in the sheds over East. We're calling him—we reckon you can lick the pants off him, any day he wants to name."

"I'm saying you can't." Judson's voice was hoarse and a thick vein stood out on his temple. "I got fifty quid that says I can beat you!"

"We'll cover that," Simmons said. "I'll cover it myself if nobody else wants it."

Fifty pounds was a lot of money, almost three weeks' wages. In a cooler moment the shearers might have hesitated to chance so much.

"No." Patterson put the letter in his pocket and picked up the snapshot. "No, I'm not interested. I'm not going to have you blokes risking that much money on me."

McKechnie had been sitting silently on his bunk. He'd seen all this happen before, but then the men had been betting on *him*, and he knew how Alec felt. But he wished Alec would take on Judson, just to show him up.

"Come on, Alec," he said. "Give it a go. We'll split the bet up among us—that way we won't feel it so much. Put the big wind in his place."

Judson turned quickly, but Patterson interrupted him. "All right," he said quietly. He looked at the snapshot in his hand, then put it away with the letter in his pocket. "I'll take you on, Judson. But I'll put up my own fifty quid." There were murmurs of dissent from the men, but Patterson shook his head. "It's either my money or no bet."

"That'll do for me." Judson was livid with anger; he had suddenly realized he had talked too much, raised the whole team against him, and he had to show them what he was worth. "I don't care who puts up the cash! I got fifty quid says I'm the best shearer in this shed——"

"Only in this shed?" McKechnie was tired of Judson's talk. "I thought you was the best in Australia?"

IT was all over so quickly no one was quite sure what happened. Judson lunged across the hut, grabbed McKechnie by the shirt, raised his fist and brought it down just as Patterson stepped in front of him. The swinging fist caught Patterson on the side of the head. He stumbled back, twisted and fell to the floor with his arm underneath him. He lay for a moment while the whole hut seemed paralysed, then he groggily sat up, shaking his head and clutching his right wrist.

McKechnie wrestled free of Judson's grip and dropped on one knee beside Patterson. "What's the matter, mate? What you done?"

"My wrist," Patterson said dully. "I've cracked it or sprained it."

McKechnie felt the wrist. "The bone's all right. You must have sprained it. I'll get some packs for it." He stood up and looked at Judson. "Why don't you come over to the cookhouse while I get me meat cleaver?"

Judson looked down at Patterson. "I'm sorry, Patto. I didn't mean to hit you. But this little runt——"

"It's all right." Patterson got slowly to his feet. "I'll come with you, Bluey."

In the cookhouse, Patterson sat quietly as McKechnie lightly packed the swollen wrist.

"I won't be able to handle a sheep." He was talking to himself, sadly and hopelessly. "I might as well go home. I'll be out for at least three weeks with this." He held up his wrist and looked at it bitterly. "I need the money. I want it as soon as I can get it. Marge is sick. She's going to have a baby, and the doctor says she'll need a lot of treatment before it turns up."

McKechnie turned away to pour the water slowly out of the bowl. Without looking at Patterson, he said, "You oughta stayed outa that fight tonight. Then this wouldn't have happened."

"He'd have damned near murdered you," Patterson said. "You don't seem to be able to get it into your head that you aren't young

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any more." McKechnie said nothing, still standing with his back turned, and Patterson went on, "I know you haven't much time for me any more, Bluey. I guess it's because of Marge. Well, I'm not apologizing. I was pretty narked on you, too, for not turning up at my wedding. If it happened all over again, I'd still get married. I've seen what this life can do to a cove. I've seen what it's done to you, but you seem blind to it. Working your guts out in lonely places, always away from home and in the end forgetting you ever had one, working like blazes and spending like blazes, never saving a cracker because there's no one to save it for. Then suddenly you're an old man before your time. An old man with no money and nowhere to go."

"It ain't always like that." McKechnie was staring down at the empty bowl, his back still turned to Patterson. "I know some blokes——"

"Yeah. Ones like me. The married ones. The ones who saved their money and got out early. Bought a farm or business, and stayed home to enjoy life with their missus and kids."

He took the swollen wrist in his other hand. "That's what I want, if my missus lives."

McKechnie dropped the bowl with a clatter and turned round. "I'll shear for you until your wrist's better. I'll see Jock about it. You can be the cook—we'll get one of the shed boys to give you a hand." He stopped for a moment, then said, "Is that all right with you, mate?"

Patterson looked at McKechnie for a long moment, then he put out his left hand.

"Thanks, mate."

A BIG welcome awaited McKechnie in the shearing shed. There is something about the return of a champion, and he had been a champion known in sheds right round the continent. The men patted him on the back and wished him luck.

Judson stood on the board beside him. McKechnie was getting the feel of the handpiece again. "How'd you like to put your fifty quid up against me?"

Judson looked at him sharply, then laughed. "Don't make jokes about money, Bluey. You need it for your old age."

"I ain't joking," McKechnie said. "You got fifty quid to pay up tonight if I beat you?"

Judson stood looking at him for a long time, then he said, "Yeah, I got it."

"If I lose, I can't pay you tonight. But I'll give you an I.O.U. on me wages. Will that do you?"

"Why're you so keen to bet?" Judson said. "Why d'you wanna throw away so much money?"

"I got me reasons," McKechnie said. "Fifty quid to whoever turns in the highest tally today."

Judson picked up his handpiece and tested it. "O.K. It's a bet."

As the bell went McKechnie dived into the pen. He grabbed a sheep under the forelegs, sat it up and dragged it out on to the board. With the sheep's forefeet tucked under his left armpit, his left hand pulled his machine into gear as his right hand whipped up the handpiece. He worked with the automatic smoothness of long practice, thirty-seven years of skill in the stabbing right hand. Stab, punch, a long sweep, every movement part of a beautifully co-ordinated whole, then the sheep was finished and stumbling down the chute into the counting pen.

He had gained almost five seconds on Judson.

McKechnie counted the first twelve sheep, listening for the clatter of hooves going down Judson's chute, knowing he had gained almost half a sheep in the first twelve. Then time and the sheep began to merge into a fog in his mind and he worked like an automaton. Sweat sprang out of him and soaked and blinded him. His ears were full of the buzzing of the machine and his lungs seemed full of wool.

When the bell rang at the end of two hours for the rest period, he leaned against the fence of the pen. He reached up and grasped the rail and slowly, agony stretching his thin face even thinner, pulled himself upright.

Judson was leaning against the fence, his face shining under its thick film of sweat. "You had enough? You wanna call it off?"

"I'm in front, ain't I?" It hurt him even to talk. "We got the rest of the day to finish yet."

At lunchtime he was six sheep ahead of Judson and everyone in the shed knew about the bet. He went straight from the shed across to the hut and lay down on his bunk. There was no part of his body that wasn't paining him, and his stomach kept fluttering as if he were about to vomit. Patterson brought him some food.

"Get this inside you," Patterson said. "And then slow down this afternoon. I wouldn't have let you stand in for me, if I'd known you were going to take up that bet against Judson."

He was forcing himself to eat some of the food. "You want that fifty quid, don't you?"

"You're doing it for me?" Patterson stared at him, then banged his good hand hard on the table. "Stone the crows, Bluey, I don't want you to kill yourself! You could have beaten him ten years ago. But this isn't ten years ago. All you'll beat now is yourself!"

McKechnie heard the bell go for the men to go back to work. He climbed off his bunk like a man getting off the rack. "It ain't only the fifty quid I'm after," he said. "There's something for meself I want out of it."

THE afternoon was the longest time he had ever lived. He worked in a red mist, doing the right thing only by instinct. When the rest period arrived, he staggered to the fence and slumped against it. His picker-up rolled him a smoke.

"Why not give it up, Bluey? There ain't any sense in this——"

"How's the score?" His voice was a croak.

"You're still leading him by three. But he's nowhere near as done in as you are. He'll catch you in the next two hours."

All he could lift was his chin. "I'll hold him. I'll show him who's an old burned-out goat!"

The bell went and he dived into the pen, grabbed a sheep and was back on the board just that much quicker than Judson. Stab, punch, out and away, stab, punch, out and away; the rhythm went on and on until it seemed that all his life he had been crouched here on this board, doing nothing else but shearing this sheep he couldn't see, feeling nothing else but this one great pain that was himself.

Then the final bell went. His picker-up took the sheep and the handpiece from him, and he fell back against the fence. He lay huddled there, a tight ball of a man that looked as if it could never unroll itself again. Beside him, Judson was hanging over the rail, almost as far gone, but secure in the knowledge that he had his youth to help him recuperate.

Patterson and Simmons picked up McKechnie as if he were a child and carried him towards the hut. Halfway across the yard Jock Shaw stopped them. "How is he?"

"I don't know," Patterson said. "The only thing he has left is his heart, and I don't know how strong that is."

"How'd he go?" Shaw said.

"Two hundred and ninety-eight to two ninety-six," Patterson said. "Can you beat it? Two ninety-eight at his age!"

Jock Shaw looked down at the almost unconscious McKechnie. "His heart's all right. But tell him to take it easy from now on or I'll send him back to Perth. Someone's got to protect him from himself."

PATTERSON took the letter and snapshot out of his pocket and put them on the table in front of him beside the small pile of pound notes. He looked across at McKechnie, propped up in his bunk.

"The money will be there Monday morning," he said. "That'll take a load off Marge's mind."

"And off yours, too, I'll bet." Fatigue was still etched deeply into the lean face, but the eyes were bright. "You gonna put a PS. telling her how you got it?"

"No, I'm saving that until the season's over and we go home. I couldn't tell it well enough in a letter." Patterson grinned across at him. "You can tell her yourself. You're coming home with me. We'll need a godfather for the baby."

McKechnie gestured in embarrassment. "Dunno nothing about kids. Except sheep's ones." Then he held out a hand. "Let's have a look at your missus."

Patterson passed him the snapshot. McKechnie saw a small, fair-haired girl who seemed to have nothing but a friendly smile, and he was a little disappointed that Alec hadn't done better. Then he looked up and saw the expression on Alec's face, and quite suddenly he knew he had been looking at the most beautiful girl in the world.

Patterson picked up the letter. "I can't hold a pen. Would you address this for me?"

McKechnie hadn't held a pen in years, other than to sign for his wages at the end of each season. With his tongue poking out from between his teeth, his forehead furrowed, his eyes squinting and his fingers wrapped round the pen like the claws of a crab, he laboriously scrawled the address. With a sigh of relief, he handed back the pen and the letter.

"And memorize that address," Patterson said. "Because that's your home from now on, you old goat."

McKechnie lay back on his bunk and winked at Alec. He was old, all right, but today he'd reached back through the years for some of the glory of the past. He was old and finished, but it didn't matter any more. He wasn't alone. He had somewhere to go. THE END

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

"Go home and wash your dirty kids," was what one heckler shouted at my mother at a street-corner meeting in Liverpool. She was so annoyed at this that my sister and I were taken along the next week, and I was held up for the crowd to see that, although mother was an active member of the Labour Representation Committee—as the Labour Party was called when I was about eleven—she still kept her children nice. I was always a bit robust, and nobody could accuse her of neglecting me!

All my childhood was spent in fighting for Socialism. When I was twelve, my mother became an organizer of the local branch of the Warehouse Workers' Union, and there was not a strike in the area at which I didn't hand out leaflets, help in the organizing, and make tea for the pickets. And when the police charged on "Bloody Sunday" in 1911, I was one of those who ran away.

My earliest memory is accompanying my mother on foot—we couldn't afford the tram fare—to a *Clarion* soup van on St. George's Hall plateau. I played while she and other Socialist women gave out soup and bread to the unemployed, at a farthing a portion. I was less than seven at the time, but I remember how upset I was when the soup had given out and there was still a long queue of hungry men and women.

I always went to Sunday School—it was Socialist Sunday

School—and when Philip Snowden came in 1910, I recited William Morris's *Coming Day*.

My father was a bookbinder and got the highest scale of wages—38s. a week. Despite poverty, however, ours was a happy home. Neither of my parents drank a drop; my mother never used make-up and there was none of the swearing or violence that marred most of the homes in our neighbourhood.

I went to work when I was fourteen, putting seeds in packets, and, as I left the house, my mother's parting words were: "And don't come home tonight unless you've joined the union!"

Today she is a Member of Parliament. For her name, turn to page 34

THE MARRIAGE THAT LASTED EIGHT DAYS

Continued from page 9

other's arms. Their love was short-lived, however. After the marriage their interests diverged. She wanted to go out some evenings; he always stayed at home except for one night a week at a youth club. She wanted the radio on; he turned it off and sat reading the Bible. She enjoyed the sex relationship; he thought that abstinence was a virtue. For three or four years the marriage just dragged along.

Then one evening the husband brought home a friend from his youth club. He soon became a regular visitor. Sometimes he came of his own accord and on one or two occasions the husband was out. About three months later the wife packed her bags and went away with him.

Sexual Difficulties

One of the fundamental causes of separation and divorce is emotional immaturity. In psychiatric opinion, immaturity in marriage begins with poor sexual adjustment. In fact, the sexual relationship is rated so very highly that it is often cited as the cause of marriage breakdown.

In the United States, statistical studies disclose a marked proportion of sexual difficulty in unhappy marriages. And in this country the fact that much maladjustment does exist in unhappy marriages is proved by the first thousand cases handled by the London Marriage Guidance Council. Two-thirds of these were "affected," 546 had "basic sex problems," one-quarter showed gross ignorance of sex.

Ignorance is said to be the root cause of nine-tenths of all sex problems. Vincent Long says: "Many men have a crude, selfish attitude to sex. Many women regard it—outside of its procreative purpose—as a distasteful duty. They are flabbergasted when they learn that the sexual function is not instinctive, that it is an art to be learned and constantly fostered. They are even more astounded to hear that the woman is an equal partner, that they should reach the heights of happy emotion together and that sex is intended to enrich and strengthen marriage as well as provide children."

Psychiatrists and case workers give examples indicating the extent of sex ignorance and its effect on marriage.

One wife who sought advice after two years' married life was referred for examination to a specialist, because the couple's frustrations appeared to be due to childlessness. She was found to have had no experience at all.

Adrift From First Night

Frequently, ignorance sends marriages sexually adrift from the first night. Despite the romantic gloss of honeymoon hotel and trousseau, the first night is more likely to be an unpleasant memory than a happy one. Other common causes of maladjustment are impotence, particularly through fatigue, different attitudes to minor perversions, and fallacious ideas about middle-age, the menopause and diminishing sexuality.

Echoing the bulk of expert opinion, Dr. Edward Griffith, of the Psychological Department of Middlesex Hospital, says: "We now know that the greater portion of divorces, unhappy marriages, neuroses and psychological disturbances have as their background some sexual disharmony."

"Figaro! . . . On stage, Figaro! . . . Figaro? . . . Hey, Figaro! Figaro — Figaro — Figaro — F-I-I-I-GARO!"

Even so, many people still reject and even ridicule the idea that sex is the vital factor in marriage breakdowns.

They base their view on three grounds. First, the variety of quarrels in a foundering marriage does not seem related to any one fundamental cause. People who have fought each other for years still think each quarrel is caused solely by the subject they quarrel about. Secondly, estrangement is generally very subtle, and couples do not accept initial tiffs—perhaps even about sock-darning—as evidence of difficulty ahead. Everything happens so gradually that they are usually in the thick of trouble before they realize it. Thirdly, the marriage partner who accepts the psychiatric view must implicitly find as much blame in himself as in his partner. This is something few married people will do. For instance, women who nag will often sincerely deny that they do so.

The Couple Who Failed

Perhaps the best way of finding just how an estrangement develops from the beginnings of sexual maladjustment to the crisis factor—adultery, cruelty, desertion—is to review an actual case in detail.

This particular couple had a conventional courtship. They met at a dance, went out together for a year and were engaged for three months. There were no outward objections to the betrothal—no parental disapproval, no financial problems, no big age difference (he was twenty-one; she was twenty) and, since they both came from surburban homes, there was negligible difference in background.

Their engagement, however, was little more than a key to premarital relations. And it was from this point that the partnership started to go wrong.

From the case history, there is nothing to show that the trouble was caused by the moral aspect of premarital relations or a loss of trust. The faults lay in wrong conditioning to the whole subject in the couple's earlier years.

In both homes, all discussion had been avoided.

In giving his side of the case, the husband was rather vague about his reasons for wanting premarital experience. All he could say was that he thought this was the ultimate expression of love and as they were to be married there had seemed no reason to wait.

The wife had a clearer explanation for her part. On the first occasion, at least, she had felt a mental stimulation in proving her complete love. "Since he was so keen, too, I suppose something made me think it was worth while. And in the back of my mind there was no doubt the idea that I might lose him if I said no."

This continued to be her attitude through the engagement.

Downhill Phase

With the wedding came a marked change. Within a few months, the love-play—the affection of their courting days which was the girl's only real satisfaction—was cut short. The relationship sank to the lowest, most casual level. Maladjustment began in earnest.

The wife became bewildered. A conflict developed between her desire to please her husband and her dwindling interest.

In the husband, too, as the first bloom wore off, resentment grew at his wife's passivity. After a year of marriage she began to find excuses.

For a time no outward reaction developed. Traces of the romantic element and of the fun of being married were slow in disappearing. When tiffs did occur they were quickly dismissed. Each still had some desire to please the other. As far as can be judged, the first outward signs of the marriage going very, very slowly downhill came after eighteen months. Demonstrations of affection were by then becoming less spontaneous and more habitual—the hallo-goodbye peck on the cheek, for instance—and much of their effort to make the marriage work had ceased.

This was the beginning of a period in which the couple "settled down," became "conventional," "took each other for granted"—to quote expressions which show the popular acceptance of this first stage of alienation.

In the psychiatric view, trouble starts at this point because the combined drop in sexual and other affectional relations produces anxiety, inferiority and insecurity. Since no one can stand anxiety for very long, the mind seeks compensation in the form of a desire to control. In other words the partners who are losing their mutual affection cling to each other's attention by direct or indirect methods of domination.

One of the earliest signs in this case was the wife's good-humoured pestering: "Oh, you don't love me any more. . . . You never take any notice of me. . . . Do you love me, darling?" After any one of these comments a little ritual followed in which she pouted her lips and pretended to be hurt, and he patted and kissed her and laughingly said she was incurable. Each would get some satisfaction out of this: she had won his attention; he felt a rise in self-esteem.

Nagging, Then Apologies

Another development in the first stages of their estrangement was petty nagging: "Oh, do keep the doors shut, dear"; "I wish you'd put the whistle on the kettle"; "You haven't made this bed properly again." Not yet having reached the stage of retaliation, each would apologize, only to do the same things again two or three days later. Here again, one was attracting the other's attention by habits that annoyed; the other was on the fringe of giving orders to prevent them.

Gradually, the spontaneous desire to please each other was diminishing. Instead of making concrete suggestions, both hummed and hawed. For instance: "What would you like to do this evening?"

"Oh, I don't know. What would you like to do?"

"I'm not bothered. You suggest something."

"But I don't know, dear. I'm thinking of you. . . ."

This malingering was trivial at first, but in time it took on much bigger and much more significant proportions.

In the early days of this marriage, each had automatically asked the other what he or she had been doing during the day. Then came the occasion when the wife said, a little indignantly:

"You haven't told me what you've been doing today."

"You didn't ask me."

"Do I always have to ask. . . ?"

After this had happened two or three times, the wife insisted on knowing everything her husband did, while he developed an attitude of indifference and no longer told her whenever he was going to be home late.

In fact, their first serious quarrel arose when he arrived home three hours late one evening.

Their respective "patterns of domination" were fully apparent by now. His was characterized by sadism, hers by masochism. He was trying to exert control by sheer force of words, actions and his status, while her method was to invite or incite attention.

No Longer Shared Problems

By this time, the wife had sneaking thoughts that she should have married a "first love." The husband similarly thought he might have had a better time single. They no longer felt inclined to share their problems. It seemed more appropriate to "work them off" on each other. If the husband had a difficult time with his seniors at work, he was difficult with his wife when he reached home. Her complaints that "she never got out," that she was "stuck alone in the house all day," indicated that she was resenting her change from business to domestic life.

As disharmony began to snowball, the wife became pregnant. Although

"so clean and white"

Macleans Keeps my teeth so clean and white and at the same time refreshens my mouth, so may I thank you for such a wonderful toothpaste.

Miss H. W. (Sheffield)

Did you **MACLEAN** your teeth today?

MACLEANS

Peroxide Tooth Paste makes teeth WHITER

Children will love Macleans Solid Dentifrice JB

planned, this enhanced the conflict, because the dominance, which had weighed so evenly before, was now largely in the wife's hands. Furthermore, her desire to dominate was increased by the additional anxiety that her distorted figure might drive her husband away. She was irritable with him; she had numerous little aches and pains which forced his attention; she got him to do three-fifths of the housework. If he did complain or quarrel, she played on his conscience or his sympathy.

It was around this time, too, that she became preoccupied with "what the neighbours would think." With the diminution of her husband's affection, she was becoming unduly concerned about the good opinion of others.

Resented The Baby

The birth of the baby filled the husband with mixed feelings. He wanted to be the conventional doting father, but subconsciously he resented the intrusion, the partial loss of his wife's attention. All in all, the time of the wife's first and only pregnancy was a vital point in their estrangement.

As his wife regained her strength, the husband dropped his household duties one by one. Now he could try to re-establish his control as breadwinner and head of the house. But his wife was not letting go so easily. She adopted a new device. She began to do more and more work in the evening. Vacuuming, ironing, dusting—all jobs which tended to disturb his comfort. On some evenings he came home to find her still washing and tea nowhere in sight. He complained bitterly.

His wife retaliated by saying that now she had a baby she had much more work to do. She reeled off lists of all the jobs which she had done—omitting that she had spent quite a lot of time playing with the baby and gossiping. "Woman's work is never done," she said, repeating her mother's words. She sighed and complained of pain at jobs which she had sailed through before. In a little while she got her way: he was helping with the housework again.

Husband Hardly Spoke

Because the scales of domination had been against him for so long, the husband's reaction was now more vigorous. He became moody. Sometimes when he got up in the morning or came home at night, he hardly spoke. When he did so it was usually in mumbled monosyllables. If his wife asked what was the matter, he replied unconvincingly: "Nothing. Why?"

Usually she pestered him and for a time he quietly insisted that nothing was wrong. Then, as she was more persistent, he became impatient. He started to shout. And often through some little remark—"Nag, nag, just like your mother," for instance—a night-long quarrel would flare up. These quarrels became increasingly violent. The couple criticized, threatened and called each other names. If they argued during a meal he frequently refused to eat. Twice he flung his plate across the table.

He augmented his methods of annoying and therefore of controlling her. Some nights he kept his dirty working clothes on and did not have a thorough wash. He came to the table in his shirt sleeves and braces. When she criticized him, he retorted that it was his own house and he would do as he liked. These bad habits extended. He left his clothes lying about on the floor, on the chairs and on the bed; he did not clean out the bath; he was careless in wiping his shoes.

The wife, meanwhile, was hatching a new "control" device. As she had returned to physical normality after the baby's birth, she had often pleaded that she had a disinclination for sex relations. It happened to lots of women, she said, and it would pass in time. But this turned into more outright refusal.

Nothing, say psychiatrists, is more humiliating to a man than refusal (or incapacity, or being told that he is inadequate). This husband's reaction to his wife's coldness took the form of an obsession with economy. It began one day when he criticized some small clothing extravagance. Money questions soon set them arguing.

By the time they had been married five years their methods of domination were becoming extreme. She required excessive cleanliness and orderliness in the house and was completely preoccupied with everything from its decoration to its draughts. They rarely agreed on anything—whether holidays or the colour of the new stair carpet—without much bickering. They had reached the pitch where neither wanted to accept responsibility for any decision, because if anything later went wrong, as it often did, each could blame the other.

Quarrels Became Inquests

Their quarrelling became chronic. Habit now had such a hold on them that their arguments were even ritual-like. Quite often, for instance, they began with one of them asking a question to which he or she already knew the answer. The other then replied: "I don't know what you mean." The tone in their voices would immediately indicate a difference and in no time at all that difference would be a quarrel. Once verbally at each other's throats, they rarely stuck to the original issue. If one saw that he (or she) was losing a point, he switched to a past quarrel, and they would ramble all over the conflicts of the previous three or four months.

They also openly belittled each other. He criticized her appearance, said she had "let herself go," and made slighting comments about her passion for housewifery. She used his job and ambitions as a means of deflating him.

The time came when, to avoid continual ugly scenes, one or the other had to break away. At the instigation of a colleague, the husband joined a club. This was a vital stage in the marriage breakdown, for some five weeks later the husband twice went out with other

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Wait for it

MANY of our troubles are due to impatience. Though it is often tempting to force issues, it is seldom wise.

It is often wise to wait—to allow emotions to die down, to let problems get in perspective.

If you do this, time will be your friend. If you blindly rush your fences, time may prove the biggest fence of all.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

"Mr. Benson won't be going to business today, Miss Trilly. Think you can (ha-ha!) struggle along without him?"

women. On the first occasion he stayed out all night and, with the help of a friend, he was able to make a satisfactory explanation to his wife. But the second time he went home at 2 a.m., partially drunk, face and handkerchief smudged with lipstick.

The results of this indiscretion were no more than might be expected. Accusations, denials, entreaties, threats, shouting, tears, promises were followed by a fitful reconciliation. (At first there had been talk of divorce there and then, but the wife finally said she had decided to keep the marriage whole for the sake of the child.)

For six weeks the husband made amends by being attentive and considerate. Something of the early days of their marriage was artificially restored. But it could not last. The wife could not root her husband's infidelity from her mind. It was the most powerful control device she had ever had and when she wanted her own way she used it. Nor could the husband stay penitent for ever. The battles were on once more.

Despite his wife's violent opposition, the husband renewed his membership of the club. She refused to accept his weary assertions that the "same thing won't happen this time." So he began to ignore her. He came in from work, had his tea and went out without a word. If she tried to stop him he sometimes made a cynical, callous remark. Twice she stood in his way but the first time he pushed her aside and the second time he hit her.

His emotional withdrawal was complete. All her neurotic nagging now had no effect. He was indifferent. He remained silent.

The end of the marriage was near when he became friendly with a woman at the club's annual dinner and dance. He persuaded her to join the club, their friendship grew and one day he came home, packed his belongings and left.

What Long-term Policy?

The psychiatrists' long-term policy over divorce and separation is summed up by a noted Harley Street doctor:

"To prevent broken marriages one must begin at the beginning—babyhood. Methods of bringing up children must be considerably improved, with correct sex education, changed attitudes to childhood sexuality, and more affection. It is no use giving a child the maximum demonstrative love until he is four or five, then restraining his physical contacts both with his parents and other people by telling him he's soppy, and finally expecting a marriage ceremony to make him behave with his wife as naturally and unrestrainedly as he did as a baby. . . .

"It would be preferable if courting couples had some kind of premarital interview to test their compatability and their knowledge of marriage.

"In marriage itself, unhappy people must search within themselves and their love life for happiness. And if one commits misconduct the answer for the other is not divorce. He (or she) should realize his own shortcomings and make an all-out attempt to re-establish affection and trust. At all costs, spite and jealousy and other forms of ill-feeling should be avoided."

Psychiatrists' Rôle

Statistical evidence of the success of psychiatrists in handling marriage breakdowns is obviously difficult to obtain. And in this country the attempts that have been made to get such statistics have been negligible. The only evidence so far obtainable is based partially on the results achieved by individual psychiatrists, but largely on the reactions of the mass of expert opinion.

In the past six years there has been a decided swing in favour of the psychiatrists. Advice organizations are using them or their theories more and more and many marriage case workers feel that they should have some psychiatric training. It is significant, too, that *child* psychology is being accepted most rapidly.

Curiously enough, it is the child of divorce, the least publicised party in the vast majority of divorce cases, who so often presents the child guidance clinic and the juvenile court with its worst case. In fact, it is really because of its effect on following generations that the divorce rate is such a menace in Britain today.

NEXT WEEK: The effect of divorce on children

CAPTAIN DAN, OCEAN RESCUER

Continued from page 8

speed. The *Harrison* started sheering about, as if she were deliberately trying to escape, like a salmon at the end of an angler's line.

At six o'clock the tug's engines suddenly raced and she shot forward with a tremendous jerk. Everyone who was standing was thrown off his balance. Captain Parker hurried aft. In the glare of the two stern floodlights he saw the frayed end of the wire lying loosely on the after-deck. It had chafed through on the taffrail. Like *Flying Enterprise*, the *Harrison* had escaped.

All Hands Called Up

If the Liberty ship drifted as quickly as she had done before, she would be on the rocks of Ireland inside thirty-six hours. Captain Parker had all available hands called up. Their first job was to get the three-ton manilla hawser out of the hold. It took the tugmen three hours to get the rope out. All this time *Turmoil* was rolling her guts out in the gale. Squalls laden with sleet lashed the open after-deck and froze the men's fingers. The rope cut and blistered their hands. Sometimes the water knocked them off their feet. Then they had to bring up two similar lengths of wire.

In the half-light of dusk, Captain Parker brought *Turmoil* close in to the *Harrison's* bows once more. The first shot with the rocket line fell short. The second went where it was meant to go. By half-past eight the tug was towing *Harrison* again.

The gale continued remorselessly through the night, but at noon the next day — Tuesday — the wind slackened and the rain stopped. Those that could made the most of the respite. They knew it would not last long. . . .

The first essential in an ocean tugman is a passion for small boats. The job might suit a trawlerman, for instance. Fifty-nine year old Captain Frederick Daniel Parker, small, thick-set, with a shock of white hair, learned his seamanship in a fishing boat. From sailing his father's trawler in and around the Solent he "came through the hawsepipe" to be master of a millionaire's yacht. In the last war he did some minesweeping and "messed about with experimental ships." Then, with the shortage of millionaire's yachts, he had to look for something else. "I've come from luxury sailing to the other end of the scale—but I wouldn't change it for the world."

Considering the hardships, tugs must have some indefinable attraction for this man. For life on an ocean-going tug is more than physically tough. From late September to April, *Turmoil* is on duty in Western Approaches, stationed mostly at Falmouth, sometimes at Bantry Bay, South Ireland.

Men Always On Call

The crew are ready to sail at a moment's notice. When they were ordered to the rescue of *Flying Enterprise*, they had only just arrived back at Falmouth, towing a damaged oil tanker they had rescued in the Atlantic; as soon as they had refuelled they were on the move again. Captain Parker had no time to step ashore, though he had already been at sea for seven days. Their day's work over, half of the men are allowed ashore, but they must always say where they are going—home, to a pub, to a cinema.

However, there is some compensation for the hardships. The pay is somewhat better than that on an ordinary merchant ship and, of course, the men are never "on the pool." When the *Turmoil* rescues a ship they usually get a bonus. But, in spite of these advantages, the faces in *Turmoil* are constantly changing: some get sick of being tied; some, even experienced seamen, just get sick. The trouble with ocean towing is that the tug has to go so slow that she cannot keep up with the fair spells of weather. That was what was happening with *Robert H. Harrison*. . . .

Early on the Wednesday morning, another heavy sea came rolling up. Soon, yet another gale had developed. At noon the wind had risen to hurricane force. The *Harrison* plunged along off the tug's quarter, battling with the wind and the wire. Even in the brief intervals between the squalls, the tugmen had only rare glimpses of their charge. The tension was agonizing. They could not keep their eyes off the wire, they moved about half-prepared for that ominous jerk. It came at one fifty.

"Work Like Hell!"

The situation was almost as bad as it could be. They were now about thirty miles from the rocky Smalls, and the *Harrison* began to drift in their direction. The wind only needed to turn one or two points and she would be driving straight for them. Captain Parker got every available man on the job of recovering the wire dangling from her stern and told them to work like hell.

Bruised and occasionally stunned, the men worked on doggedly. One had to give up when a wave threw him against the capstan, severely winding him; another wrenched his foot; a third gashed his cheek.

At three forty-one that afternoon *Robert H. Harrison* sent out an S O S: "Helplessly adrift in position sixteen miles from Smalls." Another ocean rescue tug, *Dexterous*, left Falmouth at once. At six fifty-eight that evening she wirelessed that she could not even round the Lizard because of the weather. Fortunately, the immediate danger had passed by that time. The Liberty ship had driven past the Smalls. On *Turmoil* the men were preparing the towline for reconnection.

Sky Began To Clear

And now the *Harrison's* luck changed. At ten o'clock, just as Captain Parker was about to close with her again, the wind and the swell suddenly dropped and the sky began to clear. They reconnected easily. The weather continued to improve, and soon they were sailing fairly serenely up St. George's Channel. Around four o'clock that morning Captain Parker decided he would get some sleep. He had had none for four days.

Late the next day *Turmoil* handed the *Harrison* over to the port tugs at Liverpool and she went back to Falmouth. A letter was waiting for Captain Parker from the master of the Liberty ship. It read: "I wish to congratulate you and your crew. Your skilful manoeuvring, good seamanship and long patience command the respect of all."

The rescue of *Robert H. Harrison*, though it got fewer headlines than the attempt to save *Flying Enterprise*, is probably the most outstanding by a British tug since the war. It took place in April, 1947, and it firmly established this country's ocean rescue service. Today, British firms are more than holding their own. THE END

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EMERGENCY VISIT

Continued from page 15

passage. He was hardly outside again when the dog reappeared.

"No good, Doctor?" Ancell was back at his elbow. "Only one way now, I reckon." He tapped his rifle leaning against the wall.

Kingsley nodded, abstractedly. "I don't like the idea. I'd better speak to her first—I'm not so sure about the noise of a gun-shot. That infernal barking must be bad enough." He went to the ventilator and spoke:

"Miss Pitcairn. I'm trying to help you, but I think we'll have to remove your dog. Don't worry when you hear a shot. Understand?"

A look of horror came into the white face on the cushion. The young woman made an effort to speak, holding her breath, as though afraid to move at all.

"Wait," the doctor said to Ancell. "If we shoot, I'm just afraid she may go under." He muttered to himself, and then called back into the room: "Look, Miss Pitcairn. Don't worry about your dog. We'll leave it alone. Don't worry about anything. I want you to keep very calm and answer my questions. Just nod if you understand. All right?"

Nelga Pitcairn gave a quick, constrained nod.

"Is this a heart attack?"

There was a weak nod.

"Agonizing pain going down your left arm?"

Again the nod.

"Have you had one before? Was it as bad as this?"

A nod and then a shake.

So it went on, the dog's savage snarling providing a permanent background. But he had built up the picture. There was little doubt in his mind. Whatever the heart condition that caused it, this was one of the worst anginal attacks he had ever seen. Roughly he measured the distance from window to couch. It would be possible, with luck, to toss over some drugs—and certain drugs were needed quickly.

Dropping Ancell at the end of the lane, he drove back to his surgery, his mind focused on the drawer where he would find what he sought.

BACK again at the bungalow, he had some difficulty in getting a response from Nelga Pitcairn. She seemed even paler, as though all the blood had drained out of her. He told her he had brought drugs, capsules of amyl nitrite, which he was going to toss to her through the ventilator.

The Alsatian stood bristling, watching him. It reared up, made a jump, but was too late. Kingsley's aim was accurate enough; the first capsule fell in a fold of Nelga Pitcairn's coat. With the utmost difficulty, she followed his orders. Taking up the capsule in a handkerchief, she broke it, then, raising it to her nostrils, inhaled. He threw her another. Then followed some tablets which he told her, after a while, to chew slowly. Then another tablet, this time of morphia, which he told her to swallow.

Kingsley's breath clouded the glass of the window as he watched her reaction. The colour of her skin began to improve. It seemed to him that her breathing, shallow and difficult, was becoming more easy. But she appeared still to be afraid to move even a finger unnecessarily.

"I'll be back in a little while," he told her. His hope was that, with the help of the drugs, she would recover strength enough to control the dog.

It was not till he sat down again in the driving seat of the car that he realized how dead beat he was He looked at his watch. Incredibly, it was two o'clock. He thought he might as well go home. There was little he could do until the drugs took effect.

He sat up in the big chair in his surgery, nodding off, but somehow managing to keep awake.

When he returned at three thirty, there was still little change. He managed to throw more tablets within reach of Nelga Pitcairn's hands, and then, walking from the window with deliberately heavy steps, he turned and tiptoed back. The dog was licking the cheek of his mistress. She touched the big head fondly, though it was clear she could not make any movement without pain. Something pretty drastic would have to be done as soon as possible in the morning.

By seven thirty he had arranged that Bladen, the local veterinary surgeon who lived four miles away, would be ready to join him in an hour's time. Then he slipped home to breakfast.

It was a noisy meal. Breakfast with his son frequently was noisy. This morning, tired, his nerves strained, Kingsley was sharp with the boy.

"Pipe down, will you! Eat your breakfast."

Anna watched him covertly as she shushed Brian. With his second cup of coffee, she asked: "Is it Miss Pitcairn?"

"Yes. I've been up all night. There's a great Alsatian with her. The brute won't let anyone in."

"Is she seriously ill?"

"Seriously enough. As far as I can tell she's got some form of angina."

He became aware of Brian's eyes, wide with the curious raptness of childhood. "Why won't the dog let anyone in, Daddy?"

"It's wild."

"No, it isn't."

"Don't contradict your father," Anna said quickly.

But despite his tiredness, Kingsley smiled. "Is he another of your pals?"

"I've met him with the lady in the woods. He likes you to tickle him behind the ear. He's a friendly dog."

"Not this morning, he isn't." He looked at his watch, drained his coffee, and went out to the car again. He was beginning to hate the sight of it.

THE vet was waiting for him outside the bungalow. He explained the situation again quickly to him before taking a look at Nelga Pitcairn. As he approached the french window, the Alsatian reared up again, snarling and barking.

In the morning sunlight, he could

"Why, darling . . . . you *remembered* our anniversary!"

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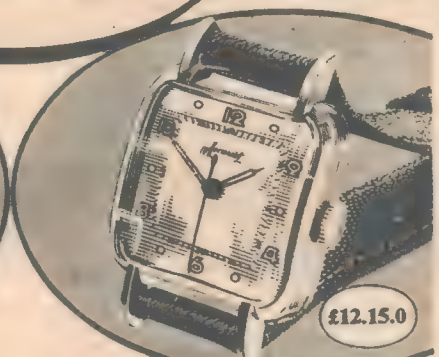

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see the woman more clearly. She had not moved from the position in which he had first seen her, but her colour seemed better. Her breathing was still constrained and shallow. He could not tell if she had seen him.

"Miss Pitcairn! I've brought a vet with me. He's going to give the dog something to keep him quiet. It will do him absolutely no harm." He turned to the vet. "All right," he said quickly. "Get moving. I'll take the responsibility."

"I've brought along some doped meat," Bladen said. "We can slip it through the letter box."

They took the meat round to the front of the bungalow. At once, the dog, hearing them, rushed into the hall and began barking again. They slipped the bait through the letter box and went quietly back to the french windows.

Kingsley was alarmed when he looked at Nelga Pitcairn. Her condition seemed to have worsened. The thought that the dog was to be drugged had quite clearly done her harm.

"Listen!" said the vet. They could hear the animal sniffing and thumping around in the front hall. The noise continued at intervals for over a minute. The two men looked at each other, waiting. Then came an angry snarl and the Alsatian came back into the room again, rearing at them.

"He's got us taped, all right," said Bladen. "I'm afraid there's only one thing for it. Only a clout on the head will pull that one down. What do you say?"

Kingsley didn't know what to say. He stood there, grimacing, undecided.

And then, suddenly, his attention was distracted. The dog had turned away from the window. Its ears had shot up. Beginning as a deep rumble, it began to snarl in the most menacing and horrible way Kingsley had yet heard.

"What the hell——" Bladen breathed.

The woman on the couch tried to raise her head. But Kingsley's eyes held her for only a second. The red curtain that served as a doorway was parting. The Alsatian gathered itself to spring, its deep chest almost touching the ground.

Brian walked into the room.

Kingsley gasped. He almost fell.

"Get back!" he shouted. "Get back, you little idiot."

The boy did not look at him. He was looking at the dog, his hand outstretched. "Hallo, then, boy. You know me," he murmured softly to the dog.

In the agony of that moment, Kingsley felt that all power had gone out of him. Bladen, at his side, was gripping his arm.

Then Brian seemed to falter. Too well Kingsley knew the symptoms that told him when his son was ill at ease. There was the little frown, the puzzled eyes, the pucker at the corner of the mouth. . . .

Kingsley put out his hand to slam down the latch and thrust open the window. The saving of the boy's life depended now on Bladen—whether Bladen had dope ready while he himself fought the brute with his hands.

"Look—look there!" Bladen was holding him back by force.

Brian had gone down on his haunches. He was murmuring to the dog. The animal stood upright now. It relaxed; the growling faded in the big throat; the tail swung slowly as it moved forward. Brian's hand was behind one pointed ear, his fingers moving confidently in the dog's crisp hair. Then he looked over to the window and smiled. "I told you he'd like it! He isn't wild, Daddy. You've just got to understand him."

The Alsatian sniffed at the sandalled feet, the bare knees, finally the neck and face and fair head. Then Brian turned to the woman on the couch. She was trying to say something to him.

In response, he went to the table, poured out a glass of water, took it to her and put it into her hand. Gratefully she drank. Some of the water spilled on the polished floor, and the Alsatian lapped it thirstily.

Only then did Kingsley regain his voice. "Brian," he said. He did not realize he was whispering.

The boy turned to him.

"Brian, do you think the dog will follow you into the kitchen?"

"Of course, Daddy."

"Then take him into the kitchen—and close the door behind you. Do you understand, Brian?"

"All right. Come on, boy. This way." Water jug in hand, he went off with the Alsatian at his heels.

A few seconds later, Kingsley was in the room.

It was of Olive they spoke mostly, during the weeks while Nelga Pitcairn lay in the cottage hospital. Then one day she told him what had brought her to hide in the country. Of the day when only a timely bullet had saved her from a cruel death in the African jungle.

"I wasn't like your Brian," she said. "I was afraid—dreadfully afraid of the lovely animal that had stepped out and stood watching me. He would have slipped away again if I hadn't turned and run from him. That panic was worse than his claws tearing at my side—that panic lost me my grip on life."

"Don't say I've helped you to regain it," said Kingsley with a smile, "for it wouldn't be true, you know."

"Of course not," agreed Nelga. "It was Brian who did that. And as soon as you'll pass me fit, I'm going back to Africa to finish my series of paintings. I shall go back to the very spot where I panicked—and I shall think of Brian!"

In due time, the critics considered that Nelga Pitcairn's new show revealed in her a deeper confidence and insight than ever before. "A new element," wrote one critic, omnisciently, "has come into her work, and given it maturity."

And it was thought that the picture which stole the show was of two figures in a placid woodland scene at home—a picture she had entitled, quite simply, "Dog with Boy," the boy being her own stepson.

THE END

"Come on back to bed, dear. You imagine these noises"

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WHETHER your kitchen table helps or handicaps depends on its height. For most women it should be thirty-three inches.

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TIGER IN THE SMOKE

Continued from page 12

Luke's room, talking freely, his pleasant voice resonant in the bleak corridors.

"You think you can find out who it was, do you, sir?" Luke got in front just in time to open his own door.

"Oh, yes." For a moment the old eyes met his and he saw there that strange sternness which hitherto he had only associated with the Bench. Its utter ruthlessness shook him.

"Oh yes," said Avril again, "I shall find out."

In Luke's room, Sergeant Picot was waiting for them, his horrible brown paper parcel open on a table and each item, neatly labelled, set out upon it. His stolid eyebrows rose as Avril pounced upon the stained and sodden jacket and spread it before them.

The old man pointed to the place where the tailor's tab had been carefully unpicked on the inside of the breast pocket. "How extraordinary! Now who in the world would have thought of doing that?"

"Quite a number of our clients, sir. You'd be surprised." Luke was grinning. "It's the patches you recognized, though, wasn't it?"

"Yes." The canon turned the sleeve over and found them again. "Those two patches. . . . I sometimes feel that all these very small things have a purpose, you know. Now, if you'll wrap that up, I'll take it home and find out how it came to be where it was."

He handed the jacket to Picot and indicated the brown paper.

The sergeant shot a questioning glance at Luke, who nodded.

"I'm going to send George here down with you, sir," he said. "Do you mind?"

THE canon frowned. "I'd rather do it alone. I shall be dealing with my family. Everyone in the house has lived there so long."

"Exactly." Luke was handling him with affection rather than merely with care. "That's why I want to give you George. He's my senior assistant, a quiet, discreet sort of man," he added firmly, eyeing the sergeant with open menace. "He's so self-effacing you won't know he's there."

Avril remained dubious. "I should find it much easier," he said sadly, and Luke hesitated.

"No," he said at last, "I daren't. It's evidence, you see. Got to be produced in court. George has signed for it. He can't let it go."

"Very well." The canon gave way not only with grace but with generosity. "In that case, Sergeant, you and I must make good friends. I warn you though, my dear sir, I fear this may be very painful for you, very embarrassing and painful indeed."

As the door closed behind the unlikely pair, Mr. Campion offered Luke a cigarette and took one himself. His eyes had grown dark behind his horn-rims. "Now who," he demanded, "who in all that household could have smuggled that jacket out to Duds Morrison?"

MRS. GOLLIE came into Luke's office as if she was hastening to the scene of some terrible personal disaster, or perhaps merely going on the stage. There was drama in every curve of her splendid young body, in the swinging sleeves of her camel-hair coat clutched tightly round her shoulders, in the turn of her beautiful neck. She was hatless and her well-dyed black hair sat neatly round her head in stiff waves which might have been fresh from the drier, but her fine eyes were ingenuous and her mouth, for all its bright paint, was kindly and innocent.

"I had to come down myself, Mr. Luke," she began without preamble. "I saw him, you see, and I mean to say you want to know, don't you?" She had a gentle voice and that kind of London accent which is like the Thames at the Pool, by no means unpleasant but the least bit thick. "I told Bill Slaney here I must come myself. 'I'd better go down there at once,' I said. 'It's not very nice for us,' I said, 'right on our doorstep and in all this fog.' I mean, it gives you the willies, doesn't it? I mean, you don't feel safe. No one would. I shan't sleep, you know. I couldn't if you paid me. I shan't sleep a wink tonight and if I'd known what was going to happen I shouldn't have slept last night. And. . . ."

"You wouldn't look half so lovely now." Luke's leer would have stopped a train, and she paused in full spate.

"I *beg* your pardon?"

"That's right. You didn't come here to listen to that sort of thing, did you? We can skip all that. Sit down."

He grinned at her, waved her into the chair before the desk, and winked briefly at Campion.

"Now," he began, bending over the blotter without seating himself, so that he looked like some great horsefly spreadeagled there. "Name age, occupation: wife of licensee. Slaney, you've got all that engraved on your heart, no doubt, same as we all have." He glanced over her head at the solid plain-clothes man and returned to the girl. "O.K., then, you saw the deceased, did you, duck? When?"

"It was just when we were opening. I was just getting my keys for

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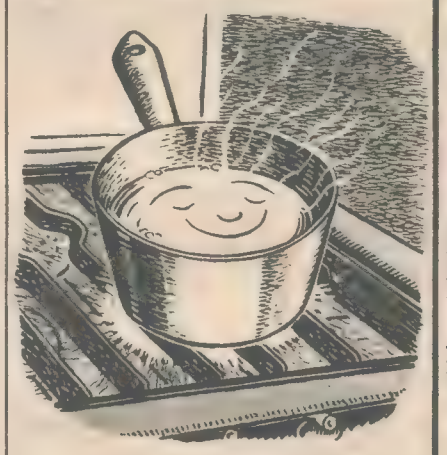

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the spirits when I looked round and there he was. . . ."

"How do you know?"

"Well, I've got eyes, haven't I?" She had lost her sense of theatre and was on the defensive, but her wits were gathering about her. "Oh, I see what you mean. Well, it was like this, see. Bill, I mean Mr. Slaney, told me what he looked like. I mean, he came in and asked me had I seen anyone like him in any of the bars today, and I had, so naturally I said so. I'm only trying to help, aren't I? Don't listen if you don't want to. Bert and I don't want to go into any witness-box. That sort of thing is not as good for business as you may think. But I did see both men. They came in. . . ."

"Both?" Luke's eyebrows shot up.

MRS. GOLLIE drew a quick breath. Behind her, Slaney signalled confirmation to Luke, and they let her flow quietly on.

"I was in a hurry, see, so I didn't notice them particularly. I thought they'd come off a train. The lights were shocking. I told Bert so. He was farther along the bar in the saloon, and I called to him that I'd have to have bigger bulbs if I was to see what I was doing. All the time these two were talking. The other man—not the one who was killed—gave the order. Two small gins, they had."

"Were they alone in your little bar?"

"I've just told you so. We were hardly open."

"Did they meet there or did they come in together?"

"They came in together. I've said so. Oh *do* listen, Mr. Luke. They came in talking very quietly, confidentially, as if they had business. Well, I know enough to stand back when I see that going on. I just served them and went along to Bert for the bulbs. When I came back I was just in time to see the smaller man—that's the one Bill asked me about, the one with the well-cut sports jacket, green pork-pie hat and pale, delicate sort of face—shoot out through the door, pulling his arm away from the other chap."

"Pulling?"

"Yes, you know, shaking him off." Her white elbow, round and milky, shot out from the folds of camel-hair with a jingle of gold bracelets. "The other chap started after him, remembered me, and shoved ten bob down on the counter. Then he went after him. All night I expected him to come back for his change, but he didn't come in."

"Did you hear anything they said at all?"

"I didn't, Mr. Luke. It's no good me saying I did. I didn't listen, you see. Besides, there was such a row going on. Bert had the wireless in the saloon, listening to a play. There was a band in the street, bawling. I was talking myself, too, about the electric light bulbs. . . ."

"In fact the place was the same old parrot house it always is." Luke spoke without heat. "What did the second man look like?"

She clicked her tongue against her teeth. "I wish I'd looked, but I never thought of a murder, see? He was tall and he was clean, sort of scrubbed looking. A thoroughgoing gentleman, if you can imagine what I mean. Might have been in the Navy. He smiled when he gave the order."

"Was he fair or dark?"

"I couldn't say. He had his hat on. He'd got brown eyes, and although he was young he looked important. Respectable, that's the word I've been looking for. Respectable. I know I was surprised to see him run. It didn't seem proper for him."

"Not a usual Crumb Street type, perhaps?" murmured Mr. Campion.

"You've got it." She shot him a surprised smile. "He wasn't. I mean, there he was in a good dark overcoat, black hat and white collar. He wasn't this district at all."

"Formal clothes." Luke scribbled on the blotter. "Why couldn't you say so before?"

"Because I didn't think of them before." Her voice was soothing and patient. "When this gentleman here mentioned Crumb Street I remembered why I thought he'd come off a train. He had a navy tie with two little stripes on it, very wide apart. Silver-grey and sort of puce and a little sort of flower with a bird's head coming out of it, very small, between."

"Had he though?" Campion sighed. "I wondered about that." He leaned over Luke's shoulder and wrote on the blotter: *Phoenix rugger club tie. Geoffrey Levett?*

Luke stared at the scribbled words for a moment before he straightened his back and stared at his friend.

"Get a-way!" he said softly. "But it's possible, quite possible. You thought you saw him outside here this afternoon, remember?"

Mr. Campion looked very unhappy. "It hardly proves——" he began.

"Lord no. It doesn't prove it wasn't King Farouk, but there's a healthy supposition there. Hallo, Andy, what's that?" The final remark was directed to the clerk, who was hovering at his elbow, his round face shining with excitement.

"Going through the deceased's effects as directed, sir. This was in the wallet. Note the postmark, sir."

Luke took the used envelope from him and turned it over. It was addressed to G. Levett Esquire at the Parthenon Club, but on the back an office address with a telephone number had been added in pencil. The postmark was unusually clear and the date was the current one. The letter had gone through the mail that morning.

Luke pointed to the pencilled writing. "Is that his handwriting?"

"I'm afraid it is. That's his own office address, of course."

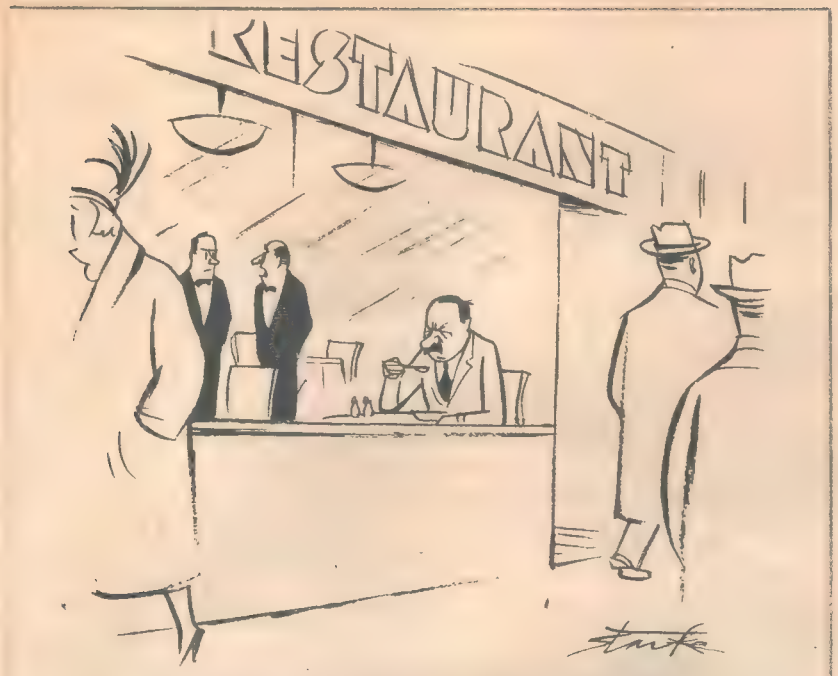
They stood looking at one another and Luke put the thought into words. "Why did he give him his address, and then run after him and——? That won't wash, will it? I could do with a chat with that young man."

"Well, have I helped?" It was Mrs. Gollie, glowing with excitement. "I mean I——"

Luke turned to her and stiffened. The door behind her was opening and a tall, sad figure came quietly into the room.

ASSISTANT Commissioner Stanislaus Oates, chief of the C.I.D., wore his honours as he wore everything else, gloomily. He had not changed since Campion had first met him over twenty years before. He was still the shabby, dyspeptic figure, thickening unexpectedly in the middle, who peered out at a wicked world from under a drooping hat brim, but he brightened a little at the sight of his old friend and, after nodding to Luke, who was standing like a ramrod, came forward with outstretched hand.

"Hallo, Campion, I thought I



"All I know is that before he became a regular at that table, this was a lively little business"

might find you here. Just the weather for trouble, isn't it?"

A great reputation has many magical qualities. Detective Slaney got Mrs. Gollie out into the C.I.D. room without her uttering a single word, Galloway faded into the recess which contained his desk, and the three in charge of the case were, to all intents and purposes, alone in a matter of seconds.

Oates took off his ancient raincoat and folded it carefully over the back of a chair.

"Superintendent Yeo is tied to his telephone, all his telephones," he said, his cold eyes resting on Luke for a moment, "so I thought I'd slip down and see you myself, Charles." He had a sad voice. The words came slowly, like an old schoolmaster's. "You may have a little more on your plate than you realize. How far have you got with this case?"

Luke told him, reeling out the essential details with a minimum of gesture and the precision his training had taught him. His chief listened, nodding gently from time to time as if he were hearing a well-learned lesson. When it was done, he picked up the envelope and turned it over.

"Humph," he said.

"He must have been waiting for Duds outside here. Probably kept an eye on the doors from the foyer of the hotel opposite." Mr. Campion spoke thoughtfully. "When we let Duds go he must have followed him, taken him into the first pub, tried to get the tale out of him, failed, given him his office address, and then—what?"

"Duds was windy because he wasn't on his own—wasn't working on his own, that is," Luke supplemented, "so as soon as he got a chance he hooked it. Levett went after him, pausing to pay his score—which argues he wasn't fighting mad—and missed him because Duds doubled back up Pump Path. We know where Duds finished, but what happened to Levett? Where is he now?"

"Your superintendent would like to know that, because that, apparently, is what three-quarters of the people who are still influential in this bedevilled old town keep telephoning and asking him." Oates made the announcement with a sour little smile. "Mr. Levett seems to have planned quite an old-style evening: telephone calls half over the world, an after-dinner speech at a banquet, and a business interview with a gentleman from the French Government in his flat after that. None of his friends can find him and they want to know why we can't."

He glanced at the clock over the desk. "He's staying out late, isn't he, for such a busy chap?"

CAMPION slid off the table where he had been sitting, his hands in his pockets, his foot swinging. "Medical opinion, for what it's worth, is that Duds was kicked," he said. "I don't see Levett doing that, you know. I really don't."

Old Oates looked up. "Do you see him killing at all, Mr. Campion?"

"Frankly, no."

"But on the other hand, do you see him cutting all his appointments like this? They're important appointments, every one of them."

"It's odd." Campion was frowning. "Geoffrey is a punctilious, solid sort of chap, I should have said. On the sober, stolid side. Unadventurous, even."

"That's what most people think." Stanislaus Oates's grey face was puckered into the faint smile which showed he was enjoying himself. "But he's not, you know. I've been hearing about him. He's Levett's Ball Bearings and one or two other very sound, old-fashioned little companies, and he's a very rich man. But he isn't rich from his companies. I've been making some inquiries tonight and I hear that when Levett came back from the war he found that after he had provided for all the people whom he felt had a genuine claim on his family and estate—his pensioners and so on—he had thirty-seven pounds five shillings and threepence per annum to live on himself after taxation had been paid. There were two courses open to him. He could spiv around with an army of accountants, looking for loopholes in the law, or he could gamble on the exchange. For two years and six months he was one of the biggest gamblers on this side of the Atlantic. He quadrupled his fortune. Then he stopped."

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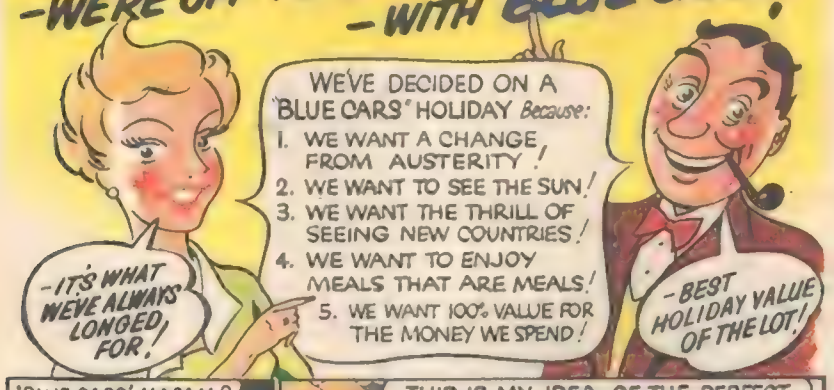
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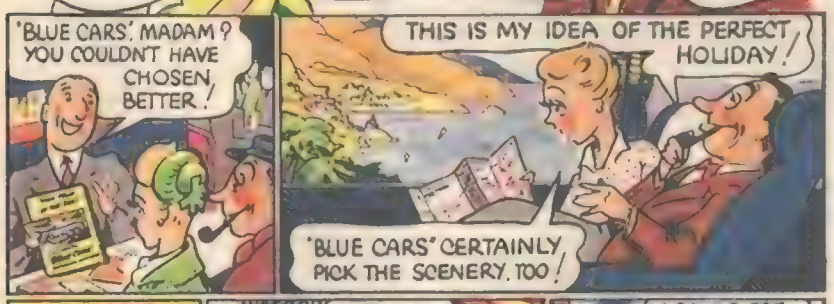
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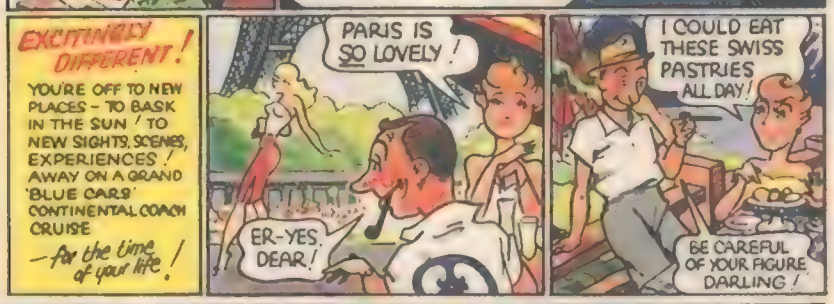
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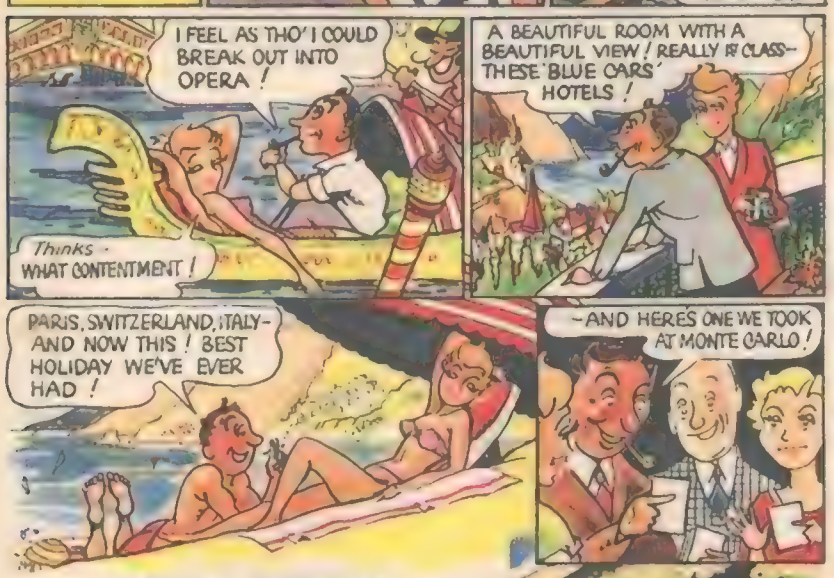
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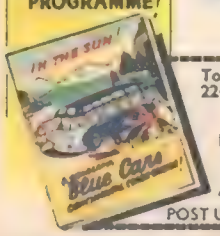

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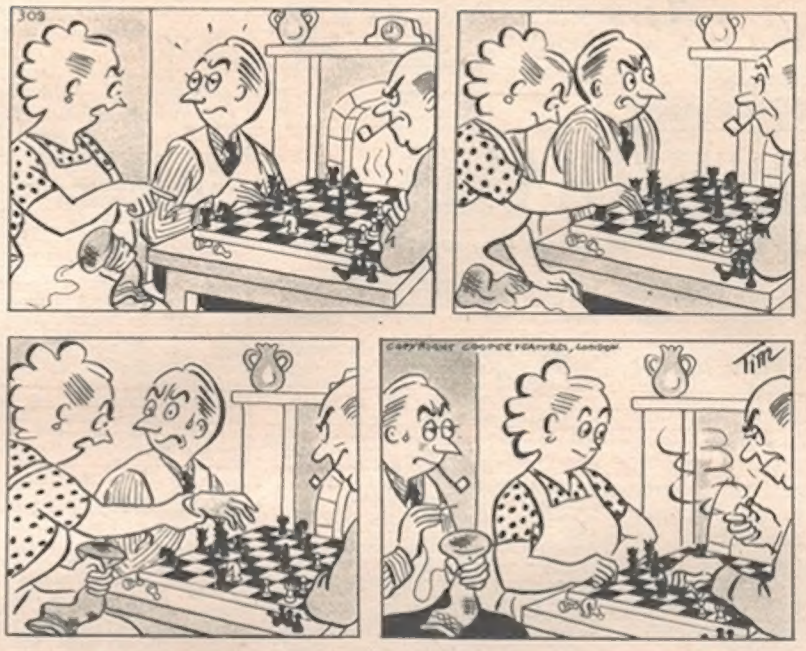

no astonishment. "I'd heard that, but I'd also heard that his name was excellent."

"It is." Oates was vehement. "I'm saying nothing against him. I'm only saying he's not unadventurous. He's not a man who doesn't take risks."

Charlie Luke had begun to fidget. The muscles of his back showed through his jacket as he strode restlessly down the little room.

"Duds wasn't alone," he said. "He was terrified on the railway station and he was terrified in here. And he wasn't frightened of me and he wasn't frightened of Levett. He couldn't have been working *for* Levett, as I had thought at one time, because in that case he wouldn't have had to have the office address written down for him. Levett must have given him that in the pub. The envelope was new. It was only posted last night."

"That is why I slipped along." Oates slipped a hand into his pocket. "Seen any Express Messages tonight, Charles?"

Luke pulled up sharply, his forehead wrinkling. "No, sir, can't say I have. I've been on this business since I came back tonight."

Oates waved his hand. "Don't excite yourself, my boy. Quite probably it hasn't come in yet. Very occasionally they tell me an item first. By some oversight, of course." He was dourly amused. "This one concerned a convict called Havoc. He's made a getaway from the Scrubs."

LUKE drew a deep sigh and his smile became contented. "Havoc. That was the man who was cased with Duds. They did the hold-up together. So that's it. I wondered when we were going to see a little daylight."

Oates did not respond. He had taken two blue slips of paper from his pocket and was busy comparing them. He looked indescribably mournful, his spectacles crooked on his sharp nose.

"It's very unsatisfactory," he said at last. "Your people picked up Duds Morrison's body at six forty-two, I see, but at six forty-five Jack Havoc was only just making his break half across London. He was killing another friend of his, as a matter of fact—at least I assume he's dead. The report which I saw just before I came out said 'sinking.' But you still don't know why I've come traipsing down here."

He paused, and Campion, who had been watching his old friend curiously, became aware that the new thing about him was that he was embarrassed. This was so very unlike him that the younger man was astounded. Clearly the old man had something on his mind of which he was more than half ashamed.

Oates leaned back in his hard chair, his legs stretching out across the room.

"I received the two reports side by side, and then I had a word with Yeo and he told me what had come through from here on your interview with Duds this afternoon. I thought it over and presently I thought I'd come down myself. Havoc. I remember Havoc. Everyone is looking for him and the chances are that he'll be pulled in in two or three hours, but if he's not, then I think you'll be finding traces of him here in your manor, and I thought I'd like to talk to you about him. Both you and Campion were overseas when we jailed him last and so you missed him. You missed quite a phenomenon." He repeated the word softly. "Quite a phenomenon."

Mr. Campion found himself fascinated. Oates was stepping right out of character. It was a belief with him that every crook was necessarily a half-wit, and therefore any policeman who showed more than a kindly contempt for any one of them was, *ipso facto*, very little better. This was a new departure with a vengeance.

Oates caught his expression and met it steadily, if not with ease. "Havoc is a truly wicked man," he said at last. "In all my experience I've met only three. There was Harris the poisoner, a fellow called Timms whom I don't suppose you've ever heard of, and this fellow Havoc. I thought at one time that Haigh was going to qualify, but when I met him and talked with him I decided he didn't, quite. He was mentally deformed. There was a sense missing there. The thing I'm talking about is rather different. I can't describe it but you'll recognize it when you see it, if you have time. It's like seeing Death for the first time. Even if it's quite new to you, you know at once what it is."

He laughed to, and also at, himself. "I know what I'm talking about," he added, and Campion, who had never known a time when he did not, was prepared to believe him.

CHARLIE LUKE had not known his chief so long. He was far too intelligent to appear sceptical, but he hastened to bring the conversation on to a more specific basis. "Are you saying he's a born killer, sir?"

"Oh yes." The heavy lids flickered up and the old policeman's chilly glance rested on his subordinate for a moment. "He kills if he wants to. But he's not casual about it like your gangsters. He knows exactly what he's doing. For a crook he's unusually clear-sighted. Take this latest performance of his. If Sir Conrad Belfry is dead——"

Campion sat up. "C. H. I. Belfry?"

"That's the man. Distinguished doctor. About half past six tonight Havoc throttled him and slid off down the fire-escape without the warder, who was sitting outside the door, hearing a sound."

"Good lord!" Luke was shaken. "Where was this, sir? Not *at* the Scrubs, surely?"

"No. In a second-floor consulting room in Wimpole Street. After badgering the authorities for months, Belfry had got Havoc out for an experiment." Oates leant forward as he spoke. "This will give you some idea of Havoc. It's taken that man three years of careful self-discipline to get his nose outside prison walls, and I'll lay a fiver he's done it just exactly as he intended to do it from the moment the idea entered his head. Sir Conrad's murder was planned before Havoc even knew the man existed. When Havoc was sentenced he was sent first to Chelmsford, where his conduct was bad, and he got moved to Parkhurst. No one but a mug tries to break from there because of the water, and for a time he seems to have attempted to work his ticket to one of these new-style open prisons. But his record didn't fit that bill."

"So he went sick and got pushed up to the Scrubs hospital, I suppose, sir?" Luke could not help making a leap in the story, but his eyes were bright with interest.

Oates remained unruffled. He was studying his own notes on the back of the police slips.

"You're under-estimating him, Charles, my boy," he said. "I thought you might. He went sick, but in a most ingenious way. Three years ago he developed a—where is it? Oh, I see, a compulsive neurosis concerning the number thirteen." He lifted his eyes, caught sight of Luke's expression, and laughed outright. "I know. It was so hopeless, so damned silly and forlorn as a lead-swing that in the end he got clean away with it. His performance appears to have been amazing. Apart from his 'little trouble' he became a model prisoner, and for the first year—*year*, mind you—it got him exactly nowhere. He did the thing not only thoroughly but progressively. He went sick on the thirteenth of every month, and later on the twenty-seventh. Thirteen letters in twenty-seven. When he found his cell number added up to thirteen he starved himself until they moved him. He was always polite and apologetic, and also, as far as anyone could see, puzzled. He explained he knew he was being silly, but said he couldn't help it. Of course the idea spread—you know how it does in a prison—and there were signs of mass hysteria developing. Then the M.O.s got interested. It's a well-known buzz bug, I understand."

Luke's broad, mobile lips moved soundlessly. He would appear to have remarked, "Cawdblimeah!"

Oates went on talking placidly. "It took him another eighteen months to get himself moved up to the Scrubs, where they've got a psychiatry unit. There he came up against the experts, but by that time of course the thing was pretty well genuine. Anyhow, they kept him, and he was so docile and intelligent that they seem to have made a sort of pet of him. Sir Conrad was nothing to do with the unit, of course, but he'd got a favourite pupil who was the consultant attached to it, and one day last month he went down there to see him and was taken round the exhibits. Havoc took his fancy and nothing would satisfy him until he'd got the man up to Wimpole Street to try out a new American machine he'd got over, a thing called an 'Association Motor Apparatus.'"

Oates glanced at his notes again. "That's what it says here. I'm just giving you the facts. Sir Conrad got his own way in the end—they have a lot of pull, these fellows. Havoc was sent up to him in a cab just after six this afternoon. Two warders went with him, as decreed in the regulations, but one stayed in the hall downstairs and Havoc was not handcuffed to the other. For a time the second warder stayed in the consulting room, but Havoc appeared so eager to help and yet so oppressed by his presence that old Belfry at last persuaded the chap to sit outside the door. The rest of the story is just what you'd think. The doors in those houses are mahogany and very nearly soundproof. By the time the wretched warder got nervous and made up his mind to take a look, it was all over. Belfry was lying on the floor, the window was open, and Havoc had vanished."

HE paused, and Campion frowned. "Are you absolutely serious when you suggest that the thing had been planned so long?"

"I take my oath on it," said Oates, "and it wouldn't surprise me if he had timed the attempt for November just on the off-chance of a fog like this."

"I'd like to see him," Luke said at last.

Oates hesitated. He looked a kindly man of vast experience.

"I should like to see him dead," he said, and in his mouth the words were simple and convincing.

Mr. Campion was aware of a faint uneasiness between his shoulder-blades, and Luke, his sophistication pierced, was briefly blank-eyed and uncomfortable.

Oates felt for his pipe. "Well, Charles, I think we've got on a bit, you know. Havoc is somewhere in this puzzle of yours, I think you can be sure of that. Havoc was the man Duds feared, but I don't see how he killed him. In fact he couldn't have done in the time, even if he'd known where to find him, which is unlikely."

Luke said nothing and Campion, who was beginning to know him, recognized the shoot of his underlip. Despite his veneration for Oates, at that moment Charlie Luke did not altogether believe in Jack Havoc.

The immediate development, therefore, gained considerably in drama. It began with a flurry of words in the outer hall, where the heavy sergeant who read the society journals in his spare time listened to a hatless, collarless elderly gentleman who had come bursting in on him, half inarticulate with shock and

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RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated February 23 and in JOHN BULL dated March 1), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

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On A Firm Foundation
The Year's Young, So
Winston's Axe
Drama Of The Sea
Friends
Good Day's Work
More Money
Dan Cupid
How She Manages
Getting Adventurous
Headmistress Auntie
Tripe
Won't Be Rushed
Our Coalman
Funny Old Stick
Quite Offended
Cold Feet
Painted The Town Red

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

Journey To.....
.....For The Newlyweds
Gave..... The Hump
Worth A Dozen.....
If Only They'd.....
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Across Clues **XWORD 771**

1. Public man should be chary of taking anyone to court when the grounds for such action are
4. Sailor has to develop a distinctive kind of this
6. This is not very often cut these days
7. No one likes to think this fits him
10. Your partner won't like you to
12. Don't hastily conclude that this word means downfall
13. Crushing words of one may make poor fellow's cheeks burn

Down Clues

1. Bargain prices alone won't make one
2. May be employed to prevent one going downhill
3. Is something of an impediment to great many people
5. There's sometimes occasion for putting this on door
8. Will stand up to fairly heavy blow
9. If wayward, may be firmly brushed aside
10. Certain these are used to restrict movement
11. When speaking of good this, reference is made to kind of play

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XWORD 766 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Quilts. 4, Act. 7, Tip. 9, Gums. 11, Commend. 12, Drugs. DOWN: 1, Quilt. 2, Loaf. 3, Store. 4, Aches. 5, Nay. 6, Rage. 8, Drama. 9, Glad. 10, Beds.

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£100 and 5 lb. FOWL Prizes for this XWORD

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
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Puzzle and form strictly copyright **771** Closing Postmark MON., FEB. 4

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In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated February 16.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

horror. From there it spread over the house phones and down the corridors, gathering in speed and intensity until it culminated in Luke's little office a few seconds after Oates had finished speaking.

The actual message arrived over the telephone on the clerk's desk over in the corner, but afterwards not one of those three men, who knew more about giving evidence than anyone in London, could have sworn on oath that it had not been shouted in their ears.

"A nasty job just down the street at Holloway and Butler's, sir, thirty-seven Grove Road. Someone broke in the front and rifled the office on the ground floor. Old Creasey, the caretaker, who was in the basement at the back talking to one of our own men, young Coleman, must have heard something, so they went up, leaving the bedridden old woman behind. They're all dead, sir, the woman as well. Knifed. Blood everywhere, the witness says. He's Mr. Hammond, an elderly employee of the firm's, who lives alone in the attics. He took his time getting downstairs, which was wise of him. Whoever did it got clean away through the little bit of a garden at the back which leads to Pump Path."

IN the split second before the chief inspector went smoothly into action, ordering calls to the finger-print department, the divisional surgeon, the photographers, the forensic laboratory, and all the other units which make up the machinery of detection, Campion caught a picture of him which he never forgot. Detective Coleman had been one of Luke's white hopes. He had liked the boy for his eagerness and had taken a great deal of trouble with him.

He did not speak as he heard of his death but a grunt escaped him, a sound of rage, and he stood momentarily arrested. But when, immediately after, he snapped out the orders, his voice was clear and impersonal.

Campion's own response to the news was of interest. "Holloway and Butler were Elginbrodde's solicitors," he said. "Meg mentioned it the other day. In fact, I went down there for her and had a word with the senior partner, a Mr. Frederick Smith. We were trying to get a better photograph of Martin, but they couldn't help." His eyes met Luke's own. "Elginbrodde's jacket, Elginbrodde's solicitor——?"

"And Elginbrodde's successor, by God!" said Luke, startled into impiety. "There's still no sign of Levett."

Oates had moved out into the C.I.D. room, where the first reports from the detectives who had raced to the scene of the new crime were just coming in. Now he stepped back for a moment. There was colour in his sallow cheeks and his eyes were bleak.

"All three victims have clean, expert wounds," he said briefly. "Over the collar-bone, into the jugular. Schooled professional stuff. Victim taken utterly by surprise in each case. Notify the Flying Squad for me, Luke. Tell Bob Wallis he's wasting his time hunting for contacts. This is where Havoc has been."

To be continued next week

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 22 is of Mrs. Bessie Braddock when a child.

I FACED A COMMUNIST TRIAL

Continued from page 14

the anteroom before I went on stage. They were under orders, I gathered, to declare me insane if I tried to repudiate my confession.

"Now don't be nervous," said Peter, clucking like a mother hen. "Just answer the questions as you did at the rehearsals, and everything will be all right. As soon as it's over, you'll be made very comfortable, I promise you, and we'll never bother you again."

In the court, Number Two was sitting behind me, and I knew as I spoke that if I deviated from the lines I had been taught to repeat, he would immediately signal Olti, who would adjourn the court. Number Two, in the meantime, would contrive to make it seem that I had collapsed. The doctor and the orderlies would then rush in and I would be carried out for the "hospital treatment" that Number Two had so convincingly described.

Perhaps I should have tried to repudiate my confession anyhow. I wish now that I had. At the time of my trial, however, I was in no condition to do anything but recite my lines. My voice quavered as I spoke into the microphone that was placed before me. It sounded to me like the voice of another person, and in a sense, of course, it was. It was the voice of my Svengali, Number Two.

Sentenced In Advance

On Monday, February 20, Peter revealed that he had known all along the sentences that each of us would receive. Geiger and Rado, he told me, would be sentenced to death. Sanders and I would be sentenced, respectively, to thirteen and fifteen years in prison. Domokos and Justh would be sentenced to ten years, and Edina Dory would be sentenced to five.

"Oh, don't take it so hard," said Peter, as I revealed my utter despair. "You'll get some time off for good behaviour. Look at me. I once spent nine years in prison."

Even Number Two tried to comfort me. "Our leader, Matyas Rakosi," he said, "spent fifteen years in prison, and look at him now. He's the boss of Hungary."

I was so despondent that Number Two had to write my final plea himself.

"I am sincerely sorry," I intoned in court the next day, "for my subversive activities . . . I have been treated correctly and fairly throughout the investigation and . . . I hope that my testimony will serve in some small measure to show the remorse I feel. . . ."

Every word, as usual, was a lie. I was not sorry for the subversive activities that I had not carried on. I had been treated neither correctly nor fairly, and I felt no hope of any sort.

Silent Confinement

On Tuesday afternoon, after being sentenced, we were placed in the van and driven to a private prison in what I believe was once known as the Maria Theresa barracks. Sanders and I were locked up in comfortable cells, as Peter had promised, on the second floor.

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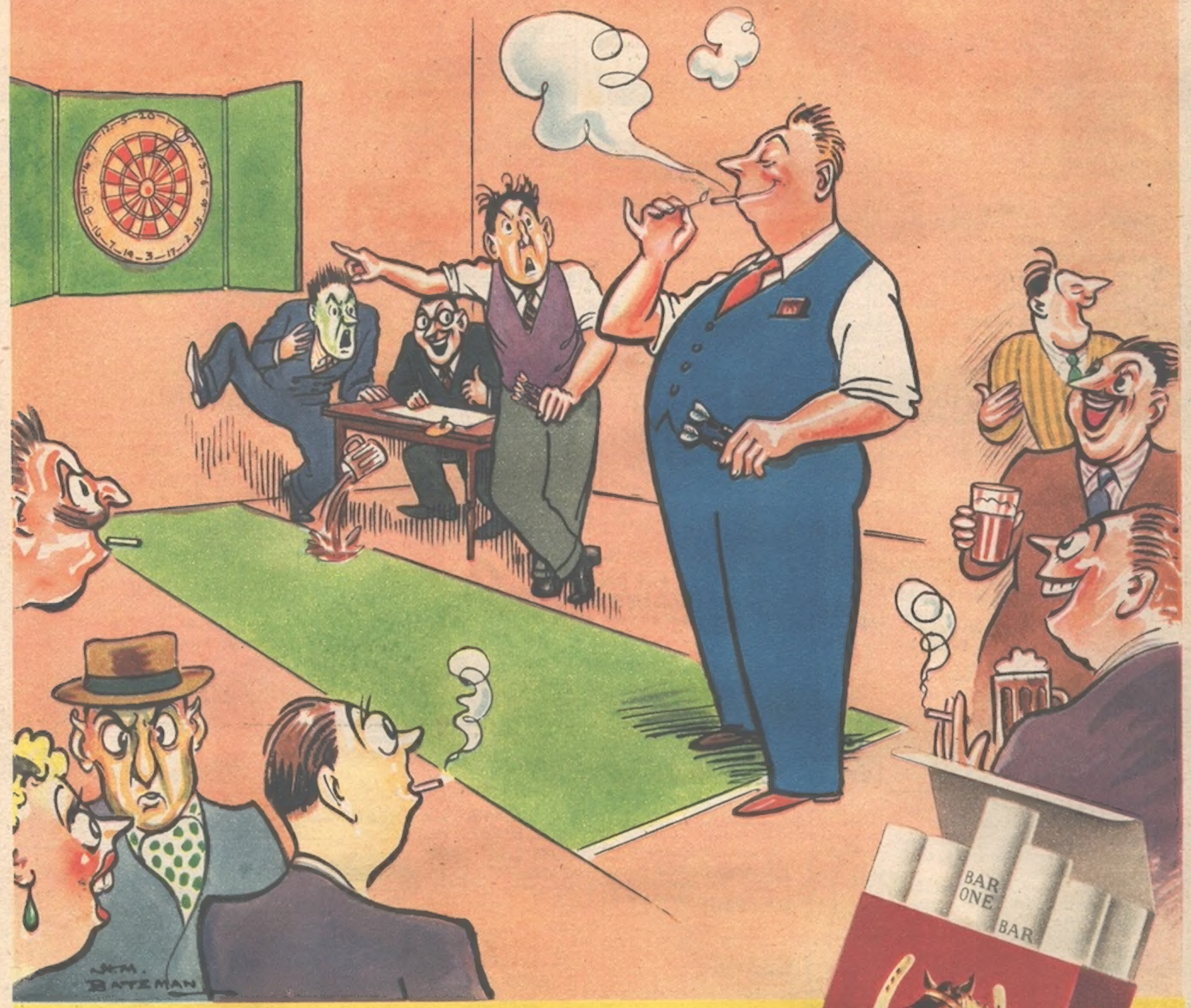

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